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ABSTRACT

This family history recounts the life and personal experiences of Marianne Wahnschaff Ballester who was born in the United States in 1929 to German parents. Marianne and her mother spent the World War II years in Stassfurt, Germany, and returned to the United States in 1946. The overview of her life includes a reunion with her father, attendance at Julia Richmond High School (New York City), marriage to Claudio Ballester in 1949 and subsequent motherhood, a degree in education from William Paterson University (Wayne, New Jersey), and 22 years as an elementary school teacher. The history relates Marianne's personal experiences, provides a map of her journey from the United States to Germany and her return to the United States, presents a glossary, a family genealogy, and an afterword. Contains numerous photographs. (BT)

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Written by Paula Popow Oliver

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Written by Paula Popow Oliver

Nondramatic Literary Work
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Introduction

During 1997 and 1998 Marianne Wahnschaff Ballester shared many personal experiences with me that includes her United States birth in 1929, living in Stassfurt, Germany, during World War Two, the Soviet Zone, and post war experiences living in the United States.

Marianne discusses her journey to Stassfurt, experiences between the years 1932-1946, loving memories of living with her grandparents, and becoming acquainted with uncles and cousins. However, Marianne recalls the rise of Hitler; the aftermath of *Kristallnacht*--Night of the Broken Glass--in 1938; Nazism; World War Two; nursing her terminally ill grandmother; food scarcity; Lutheran catechism as well as school instruction; Allied bombings; East Workers--laborers; Allied occupations. Further, she recalls the end of World War Two and Stassfurt's Eastern Zone inclusion. Due to her birth in the United States she is a United States citizen and therefore able to leave Soviet Occupied Germany in 1946 and return to America.

An overview of her life in the United States includes a reunion with her father and attending Julia Richmond, a girl's high school in New York City. Also, she discusses the personal revelation she experienced when she learned that her family and community in Stassfurt helped to protect her from the war and from living in the Eastern Zone--Soviet Occupied Germany--and protected her from the Holocaust as well. In 1948, she marries Claudio Ballester, and they have three children Claud-Peter, Heidi, and Lisa. They have been married fifty years. Also, Marianne recalls attending night school as an adult and earning a degree in education from William Paterson University. Afterwards, she teaches elementary school twenty-two years. In addition, Marianne describes visiting her mother in 1959 in East Germany, her mother's visit to the United States, and her mother's tragic suicidal death in 1969. Last, Marianne discusses surviving cancer.

In conclusion Marianne describes herself as a person who never gives up, persevering during wartime and through many other difficult life experiences. She is thankful that she was born in the United States of America and has made the country her home since 1946. Also, Marianne and I are both grateful to my neighbors Lisa and George Rose for introducing us. Please review her personal experiences, map of her journey from the United States to Germany, and her return, Glossary, Photographs, Family Genealogy, and Afterword.

"I, Marianne Wahnschaff Ballester, was born November 21, 1929, in Hoboken, New Jersey. My mother, Ida Tempelhoff, was born in Stassfurt, Germany. My father, Paul Wahnschaff, was born in Löderburg, Germany. My parents were married May 21, 1921. Afterwards, they lived in an apartment in Madgeburg, Germany.

"My father came to America in the early part of the depression. He wrote to my mother: 'Breakup the apartment in Germany, come to America, and you'll find everything better here.' Originally, he had an occupation as a saddle maker, but he was selling Singer sewing machines because making saddles was becoming archaic. Even though my mother was six-months pregnant, at this time, she followed my father to America. He also wrote my mother, 'The streets were paved with gold.' It was believed in Europe at that time that streets in America were paved in gold. Whether this was true or not--today, we know better, O.K? American women and men worked very hard to have economic freedom.

"As soon as my mother arrived in America, my father got a job on a steamer to South America, and my mother found work as a housemaid for a wealthy family with me in residence. In other words, she needed to take me as an infant to work. I am pretty sure that she arrived in Hoboken, New Jersey. She did not like it because the apartment was full of bedbugs and cockroaches. She was not used to that, so she did not like that at all. I guess she had to return to the Hoboken apartment at night with me. This is one reason she eventually ended back in Germany with her parents.

"Eventually, my mother left America and brought me back up with her to Germany. There, I lived with my mother's parents in my grandfather's house in Stassfurt. I was too young to remember anything about the trip. The year was 1931 or 1932. I was about two-and-a-half years old. My mother returned to America and worked for the same family in Hoboken, then returned to Germany for good in 1933. She did not like it in America at all. She missed me. All I remember of that time is that I called my mother *Tante Lotte*--meaning Aunt Charlotte--and *Mutti*--my mother was devastated. She was hurt that I had forgotten her. She did not like that at all.

"I believe that my mother wasn't happy. My father worked on his trips to South America, so my mother felt that she needed to be with her parents and me in Germany. My father was absolutely one-hundred-percent German. He was from the village next to the small town my mother lived in. Both of my parents were from Germany and of German origin.
Well, I guess that my father enjoyed traveling. I don't know. He really did bring a lot of unhappiness to my mother. My mother just found herself in such bad circumstances in the United States during the 1920s and early 1930s. My father was thirteen years older than she. I think that was the reason that they did not hit it off very well.

"My father came to see us in 1937 or 1938. I remember my father was a dashing figure--tall, blonde, and handsome--very good looking. He was dressed all in a white suit and a white hat, very unlike the father that I met later. You know, he hated the Nazi pigs, who by then were quite powerful. He had to return to America because he saw what happened as far as the armament was concerned, and his possible conscription into the German Army. He returned to the United States, and we didn't hear from him anymore until the war was over in 1945.

"As I previously stated, my mother opted to go back to her parents and work in Germany. My mother worked to support herself and me. She worked in some kind of a warehouse, taking inventory because she needed money. She could not depend on my father to mail us any kind of money for me. I once kept a few things that were hers. I do have some postcards that she mailed to me from Germany's Eastern Zone in the 1960's.

"The war in Germany was from 1939 to 1945. America only came into the war in 1941.

"I remember *Kristallnacht*. I was on my way to school. *Kristallnacht* occurred in 1938. I was eight, maybe nine. My grandfather's address was *65 Wachtel Strasse*, Stassfurt, Germany. There was a store named *Salilevy* not far from his house where showroom windows were broken. On the broken windowpanes someone had written '*Jude ab ab nach Palästina.*' In English, it would be "Jew, Jew go back to Palestine." Palestine has been considered the Jewish Holy Land for centuries. I was on my way to school, and I walked there with other children. I don't even remember what they said. It was a small town, and we were shocked at these windows. I was shocked; I was just so shocked that anything like that would happen in our town. Windows were broken: I mean that was violence. In those days nothing like that had ever happened. I did not see the violence. It happened at night when I was asleep. The devastation was horrendous. In addition, I also learned from my mother that her jeweler was Jewish, and his wife was German. My mother told me the jeweler that she used to go to--and I knew that he was Jewish because mother said that he killed himself, and jumped out of the window. I believe that he jumped soon after *Kristallnacht*. I guess he lived up on the third floor on top of *Salilevy*, and he jumped out of the window.

"The Jewish people only had one classroom in the entire school. I guess they went from K-8, whatever it was. I remember attending school in the first grade. My brother went to *Kindergarten* because he was a boy. Only boys attended *Kindergarten*. Later, he was in middle school, which was a form of higher education. Anyway, I had the same teacher that he did. Her name was Miss Schultz, and I had her for first, second, third, fourth, and fifth grades. You know that is not always good. Later, I learned in America that it's better to be exposed to many teachers. The teachers said nothing about the broken glass. They would have been arrested. Jewish students were in their own classroom. I don't know what they said about it. They were not mixed in with us. Today, I believe that we should have had integrated classrooms. I don't remember discussions with any classmates about *Kristallnacht*. My mother was at work, and my father was in America. I don't remember my grandparents saying anything. I do remember that people in the community were shocked.

"I never forgot those words on that broken window, '*Jude ab ab nach Palästina.*' I guess people were very afraid. I just remember seeing the broken glass, like it was only yesterday. My mother was very upset about it. She always said that there has to be a give and take in this world, and you can't just make rules for other people. She was very open that way.

"Hitler came into power in 1933. He was an Austrian. He wasn't even a German by any standards. He was a house painter in Austria. We had to memorize his birthday in school--the year he was born. I can still tell you when his birthday was, April 20, 1889; and would you believe that we had to memorize that? He was quite a dictator.

"My Mother was so anti-Hitler. In fact, I may be jumping the gun, but she listened to the western radio when we could get the stations in. The West German radio would come across, and there was a man living in my grandfather's house. His name was Mr. Kröpisch, and he threatened my mother. He told her that if he ever caught her listening to the West German broadcast, he would put her in a *Konzentration Lager*. I learned later in the United States of America that *Konzentration Lagers* were known as Jewish death camps. Mr. Kröpisch is the same man whom I met on the stairs a short time before that, and I said to him, 'Good morning.' He said to me, 'Don't you learn anything in school? Don't you know that you have to say, *Heil Hitler* and raise your hand when you see me?' Do you know what happened after the war? He ran to West Germany. He never came

back. That is how nice they--the Nazis--were. He left his wife and went over the border before there was any boundary set.

"I honestly did not know about the concentration camps. The only time that I heard the words 'concentration camp' was from this Mr. Kröpisch when he told me that I didn't know how to greet a person, and that I didn't learn anything at school. He said to my mother, 'If I catch you listening to this radio, I will put you in a *Konzentration Lager*.' He threatened my mother with *Konzentration Lager*. I only learned about Jewish concentration camps after 1946.

"We learned in school after World War One that there was a treaty made in Versailles in France. Hitler called it the *Schand Vertrag von Versailles*--shameful treaty. As a result of the Versailles Treaty, the Rhineland was occupied by Allies. Hitler came to power by saying, 'I will give you water, and bread, and jobs.' Germany was so very poor. He was there at the right time. We have a friend that was on a German U-boat. He told us that Hitler came to visit the U-boat. Our friend explained that he could not believe how tiny Hitler was in height. Hitler was not a big man. When the media showed Hitler banging his fists and talking, in reality he was small--I assume like Napoleon. He had that whole country under his thumb. I know he had a chip on his shoulder.

"As for my childhood, I was nine in 1938. I remember that my mother sent me to a girl's camp in the summer time because I was anemic. I did not eat. I was never a big eater. I remember being in this summer camp, and people who worked at the summer camp tried to make it very nice, but I did not like the food. I would shove the food under some other food. I was so homesick to see my mother. I was there for six weeks, and I was just devastated. It made it easier for her because she figured that I would come back with red cheeks, and she had to go to work.

"Also, when I was a young girl, my mother used to make me wear long wool stockings that were handknitted. They itched me, so I would wait until I could get around the corner, and I would take the stockings off. We used to have these garter belts, and I unhooked the stockings. The stockings were terrible because they were thick and scratchy, and itchy. I still cannot wear wool around my body, but as a child I wore dresses and skirts--whatever my mother could put together. I do remember that my mother even took my grandfather's coat and had it turned inside out and had a seamstress make a coat for her. She did similar things for all of us. I remember getting ice skates that I had to tie onto my shoes. I grew out of ice skating shoes too fast.

"When I came to America in 1946, I came in my confirmation dress. It was dark blue, and it had lace areas. I had leather sneakers on, because I had no other shoes. That is how I came to America!

"My religious background is Lutheran. I attended church regularly in Germany until I was fourteen. I had confirmation. Then, my mother and grandparents told me that I could do whatever I felt was necessary--or it was my choice not to choose religion. I think that there was only one Lutheran church in my town. I went to *König's Platz*, meaning King's Place to attend church. There was one Catholic Church, and there was one Jewish Temple, but see the area is mostly Lutheran. It is not like West Germany. West Germany is mostly Catholic. East Germany, where I come from, is mostly Lutheran.

"I lived with my grandparents during the war. My grandfather was retired as long as I can remember from an iron foundry in our town. My grandmother did no work. She had seven children, so she didn't work. I think my grandfather received retirement money. It was a tough job to work in those iron foundries. He had lost his hearing to a great extent because of the noises, so he may have been on compensation. I don't know. My grandfather's name was Wilhelm Tempelhoff. My grandmother's name was Anna Weckner-Tempelhoff. She was originally from

Stassfurt. Our family names are probably listed in the Lutheran church we attended.

"There was an ammunition firm in Stassfurt. It made ammunition because I came from a town that had a lot of salt mines. They put this munitions firm up there, and this is what the bombers went after. Of course the bombers flew over--all over town.

"During the bombings we would listen to the radio, and the radio announcers would announce that bombers were heading for Hannover and Madgeburg. Allied planes would be flying in that direction; that would mean they would fly towards our town. That would mean we would pull all the black shades down. We were forced by law to have black paper shades so that the bombers could not see any light, and we would go into the basement. The basement was not pleasant. It was damp and cool, just like basements are here today. I remember one night running in the attic with my cousins. I believe that one cousin was four years older, and one was younger than I was. We watched through the attic window. We watched the bombs coming down, and they exploded in air. Truly, I was not a typical child. I was very serious even before the bombings, because I watched my grandmother die of liver cancer.

"Anyway, we watched the phosphorous bombs come down. We had heard about these phosphorous bombs because if they splattered you, you would be permanently hurt--the phosphorous keeps burning. We spent a lot of time in that basement at night. Every time these bombers would come over, we would pack up our belongings and go into the basement. Schools would have a later opening. If we spent so many hours in the basement, our teachers did not expect us to go to school and learn the next day. We heard a warning when the bombers were coming over, and the Mayor had a siren in a different tone to let us know when we could go upstairs. We stayed in the cellar only hours at night, but we spent hours there night after night. All the children, adults, and cousins went into the basement during the bombings. I do not remember seeing Mr. Kröpisch, the man who scolded me to greet him with *Heil Hitler*. Maybe he did not come down because he was above the law.

"We had no food either. This was the problem all during the war. My father was not with us. He was in America, and we had no food. It was the men who might have been able to go to a farm and get some food to eat for us. There was no food for us. On the outskirts of the little town we had farms similar to feudal systems. I think the men went there to do some bargaining. My grandfather was not well enough to get food; he was too old. Neighbors were on their own. Each was for his own. You could smell the cakes baking in the house because neighbors put them in their baking ovens. Prior to the war, usually everyone brought the cakes to be baked at the bakery. We knew neighbors had bought stamps from other people who didn't need them. Everything was gotten with stamps. The only way anyone bought food was with government issued stamps. So, if you had food stamps, you could only buy so much food. We had to pay for food stamps. Stores were dependent on receiving shipments. We would learn of shipments through newspapers or when someone told us. If the stores did get any sugar, or anything into the stores, people stood in line. You had to stand for hours in line to get food. I don't see how these other people could get this wonderful cake baking. We had none of that--and much less of anything else. Men were allowed to go to a farm and get some food to eat. *Gut* means voucher, or coupon. I guess the men had connections with land barons who lived on old *Güter*, which means land or an estate that is owned by a proprietor, referring to a lord or lady of the manor. To me feudalism is not fair--it is like slavery.

"My mother would make barley soup. We used to call it Blue Henry, because if you cook barley with just water it turns blue. The barley was not the little, tiny barley, it was the big barley. I

just couldn't eat that. It was terrible. Then my grandfather raised domesticated rabbits. Once a week, on Sundays, we would have rabbit. Once, I ran out to the stall where he kept the rabbits as he was in the process of pulling the skin off the rabbit. Well, that was the end of any rabbit that I could eat. It was awful. He pulled the skin over the eyes. I would just eat the gravy and a dumpling--potato country was nearby. That's what I ate, potato dumplings and some gravy. We had no candy, no milk, and no fish.

"It was bad during the war. It got worse after the war. During the war we had no food. We had no men in our town. They drafted everybody--all the men. The boys and old men were sent to meet the foreign soldiers. Anybody that was able to walk was sent. We only had very young boys and very old men in our town, so they needed some East Workers. East Workers were forced to come into Germany to do the work. If they were professors or whatever, they had to work in the fields. In addition, I remember we got out of school several hours a day to work in the fields for the land barons and local farmers because these fields had to be weeded and taken care of. I think the East Workers were interned on the outskirts of town. East Workers as well as school children were forced to work in the fields to grow food for the German Army.

"Also, I am remembering that my Uncle Willie never returned from Stalingrad. He either left home to fight in the war in 1939 or 1940. I remember a man dressed in civilian uniform came to my Aunt Erna's. She lived downstairs. He said to her that my Uncle Willie was on his way back from Stalingrad, and could he please borrow his son's bike so he could get home, and he would return the bike at a later time. The bike was never returned, and my uncle never returned, so Uncle Willie was probably shot somewhere along the line. That is a long journey by foot. Approximately sixteen hundred miles separates Bernburg, which is close to Stassfurt, from Stalingrad. Stalingrad was known as the area with the fiercest battle.

"Russians killed or captured several hundred thousand Nazi troops in World War Two. I believe that the man who borrowed the bike from my Aunt was escaping from the Russians. I am certain that Uncle Willie was killed or captured. I do not think Aunt Erna knew if my Uncle Willie was dead or alive when the German soldier in civilian clothing came to take the bike. Willie may have been dead by that time. The soldier must have known my uncle because he knew that his sons had a bike. Somehow he must have gotten rid of his uniform because he would have been shot immediately. All German soldiers were at the German fronts both east and west.

"We had one apartment that my mother, grandparents, and I shared. My Uncle Willie, and his wife, Aunt Erna, and their two boys--Herbert and Claus lived downstairs. A room across the hall from them was rented out. Aunt Erna rented it to her sister and brother-in-law. On the second floor Herr Kröpisch lived--the maniac who told me how to say, '*Heil Hitler*' that I previously mentioned. There was an apartment upstairs. A couple lived up there, and they had several children. Part of it was an attic where you could take your wash to dry, and the other part was an apartment.

"Another brother on my mother's side was on the western front. His name was Kurt Tempelhoff. Uncle Willie and Uncle Kurt married women with the name Erna. Before the war Uncle Kurt and his family lived in Leopoldsall on the other side of town. They lived in his mother-in-law's house. I used to meet him on the way from work. He would save me half of a sandwich, so that I could eat it because I was so hungry. Every time I would meet him, he would have this half-sandwich for me, and he would give it to me. That's how nice he was. Uncle Kurt didn't get food for us while in the army. By the way, Kurt was my favorite uncle. After Hitler came to power, Uncle Kurt was drafted by the German Army. I don't remember what Kurt did for a living. Uncle

Willie, did decorations, similar to upholstery in homes. Kurt was shot in his lung but survived and came back to town. His wife had her two children that she raised by herself, but I don't think Erna worked. I don't remember what their older son did. After the war their younger son became a policeman in the Eastern Zone. When I visited Stassfurt in 1959, he never said hello to me because he was part of the East German Police.

"In 1944, I was graduated from public school at the age of fourteen, and I won a scholarship to a teacher's College--which was totally free for my mother. I went to the teacher's College. It was an old mansion located in Genthin, Germany. The war ended Spring, 1945. I planned to attend until Christmas vacation when we were returned to our homes. I took a train to Madgeburg, and it was bombed before I arrived at the terminal. The Allies came from Britain, and bombed out the main terminal. A few other girls and I had to get out of the train and walk across a big city. When we got on the other side of the city, we boarded another train that was not bombed and went to Genthin where my school was located. When I got off the train at Genthin, there was another bombing attack. People scattered, and I had to walk among the bombs to my school--all by myself. Somehow I made it. I survived. The doctor--or the professor--greeted me. But she knew that having students stay was useless because she knew that she had to pack us up and send us home again because the war was over--but I remember walking between bombs. I walked through the streets of the small town, and the bombs hit the streets and the buildings. I walked all the way to school. The bombing seemed very frightening. I was fifteen. The train trip wasn't worth risking death because soon after Christmas the school was closed. The school was needed as a hospital for soldiers from the east and from the west. The school was in the *Lehrerinnen Ausbildung Anstalt* in Genthin, meaning teacher training institute. I don't remember at all how I returned home. German soldiers returned home and most of them were wounded. Allies had to open special hospitals to take care of these people. My school was one of them. I had never seen so many men with missing limbs in Stassfurt.

"Later, in 1945, I worked for a lawyer after I came back from school in Genthin. Stassfurt was a small town. We had bikes, and a streetcar traveled through the middle of town. The only people who had cars were persons such as the lawyer--a professional. His car was on blocks because the Nazis took the tires. He was not allowed to use the car, other than for vacation--and you didn't have vacation because vacations were not allowed during the war. I worked for him after the Nazis took the tires. They used the tires for the fronts. When I worked in the lawyer's office, I was amazed to learn many women who were mothers of girls that I went to school with dated Russians, and gave birth to Russian babies. Isn't that amazing? Many women became romantically involved with the Russians--the enemy. My mother did not go for any of this. Many mothers lost their husbands--German soldiers--during the war. After the war, many mothers and their daughters dated Russians.

"I remember a young man was escorting a young girl. A Russian soldier came by who wanted the girl. When he couldn't get her, he shot the young man who was trying to protect her. It seemed to me that his brain was forever plastered on the door. Also, I remember another incident. My neighbor, Miss Keller, who was about eighteen or nineteen years old, lived across the street from my grandfather's house. One day I saw German boys in their early teens driving through *Wachtel Strasse* with her in the back of the wagon. Her head was shaved, and the boys were clapping their hands ridiculing her.

"At the end of the war, my part of Germany--Stassfurt--was occupied by British Forces, and then by the American Army, and last came the Russian Army sprawled on wagons with hay.

Because our town was on the right side--east of the Elbe River, the Russian occupation stayed, and the East Zone was born.

"At the end of the war, Russian soldiers allowed all foreign farm laborers to plunder all warehouses for twenty-four hours. These East Workers from the outskirts of town rampaged the town. They destroyed sacks of flour that were in the warehouses. They were angry. They looted. Afterwards, I looked into the warehouses and saw the flour bags just stabbed. It seemed like such a waste because we had never seen flour during the war. I was angry. That particular night my mother hid me in the attic, and she stayed with me. The East Workers were out to get anybody.

"Also, we had no food when the war was over. Can you imagine eating mustard out of wax-paper cones, or cake made out of malt-coffee grinds, or going to the fields after the farmers had harvested their potatoes? We dug up what we could find. We would rice them and fry them as potato pancakes on grandmother's stove--without oil. I was terrified.

"As a result of the Soviet occupation, my father contacted my mother to see if he could save me from living in the Eastern country and bring me to America. That was in 1946. He contacted my mother through the Red Cross in Germany. I went to City Hall to inquire about the letter my father sent through the Red Cross. Russians were all over the City Hall. A knowledgeable Russian soldier told me that if I was born in America, I was automatically an American citizen.

"I felt that I was a German when I lived in Germany. Your life depends on the time you were born. You go through all these different stages and you hang in there no matter what. That is what I felt as a child. It's odd, but I was never regarded by fellow Germans as quite a German because I was too tan in the summer. The ideal German was blond and fair-skinned. I was never regarded by fellow Americans as an American because I spoke with a German accent, even though I spoke High German.

"I decided that I had nothing to lose in the United States. Many of the boys and girls that I went to school with went over to the West. When I returned to Germany in 1959 with my two children Claud-Peter and Heidi, there was hardly anyone I knew left from my generation. They all went to the West.

"Anyway, my mother thought that she could follow me six weeks after I left Germany. She had no idea that my father was attached in America. She did not know. She did tell me at one point in Germany that if you live on either side of the ocean for seven years or more, you are automatically divorced. It must have been a law, or she would not have told me. So she felt that a reunion with her husband was impossible, and that there was no sense in her coming to America. But, later in 1969, she did come and visit me in the United States. She let me go to America so that I could meet somebody new, people different than Germans and Russians. Everything was devastated.

"In September 1946, I landed in West Berlin. My mother came that far with me. She was not allowed passing the Eastern Zone. They had all sorts of regulations. Then they took me by truck to the harbor at Bremen. From Bremen they took me to Bremerhaven, and I remember that I was the last one on the truck. I did not dare get off the truck. There was a big black man lifting everybody out of the truck, and I had never seen a black man before. I was so scared of him. I went to the rear of the truck until he coaxed me to come off. It was so silly because he was an American.

"I was born in America, so I could leave Germany and enter the United States. The more I think about it, the more I think how grateful, and how happy I am. I did not have to take naturalization papers. I was automatically an American citizen.

"I was all right on my journey from Bremen until we hit the English Channel. During our

crossing of the English Channel, I became very seasick. The boat kept rocking. I was in my bed and bunk, and I kept watching my feet go up and down. A steward came up to me and said that this was the worst thing that I could do. He tried to make me understand to come up to the deck. He did not speak German. He spoke English to me and gave me a grapefruit. I followed him up to the deck, and there was one little space available by the exhaust from the kitchen. When you smell food after you are so seasick, it makes the feeling worse. So I went back down and watched my feet go up and down in the bed. We traveled on a troop transport ship. Aside from about fifteen American-born children, the rest of the passengers were Jewish, and they boarded the ship in London, England. I think the name of the ship was the SS Marlene--an American ship that transported troops, until they transported some Jewish refugees and Americans to America. I know that we landed in September, 1946, on a pier in New York City. The ship had been re-routed because a hurricane was hitting. As a result, we were on the ship an extra fifteen days until they could land us in New York City.

"My father had a car and was waiting for me when I arrived. He worked at Columbia University. He was not a professor. I guess he worked as a repairman, or something like that. I know that when he arrived in America he had to learn the English language. He took me to West 109th Street. I met my father's friend Eva. Up to this point, I never knew my father was attached to someone else. I would have never left my mother, and I could have tolerated the East Zone. Anyhow, my father lived on the west side of Manhattan in a fourth floor walk-up apartment. Eva, a heavy woman, embraced me at the door and said her name was Eva. I never warmed up to her. I felt that she was responsible that my mother could not come. I don't think that my mother knew about Eva until later. I understood that my mother could join me six weeks after I left Germany for America. I would not have come to America, otherwise. I was so homesick. I really was at a loss without my mother. I would have never thought that she would not have followed me after six weeks. I cried everyday. I stood by the window and cried every day. It is almost like a sickness when you are homesick, but I made it. I did not see my mother until the 1950s.

"Eva worked at the Gramercy Park Hotel in Manhattan. There was a German teacher there, and Eva spoke German. She was Hungarian, but she must have been from an area in Hungary that spoke German. The German teacher told Eva to bring me to Julia Richmond, a German all-girl's school. I did take German in high school, because I needed to translate German into English. I was told not to read or speak German, but just read and speak English, and translate whatever I had in my German class. Later, the German teacher recommended that I attend Hunter College.

"I was registered at Julia Richmond located at East 67th Street. I traveled downtown and cross-town every day by bus to reach the school. I didn't know how to speak English, and I stood very often by a window with tears streaming down my face. I was so very homesick for my mother, my grandfather--my family. Also, I was shocked to learn about *Konzentration Lager*s. I had never heard of Auschwitz--never heard of it in Germany. As a schoolgirl, I could never interpret why Jewish girls at Julia Richmond High School were hostile to me--and they were very hostile to me. They must have listened to what their parents said concerning the Nazis. I could not understand their hostility at all during that time. Today, I don't blame them for being hostile. The Holocaust was very sad.

"After two years I was graduated from Julia Richmond High in 1948. Also, I had passed an entrance exam for Hunter College. My father did not believe girls needed college, so I went to work for American Surety Company downtown in Manhattan.

"I met my future husband Claudio, and I call him Claud, in 1947. We were introduced in Ringwood, New Jersey. We married in July 30, 1949. Neighbors took me to Ringwood, New

Jersey, to visit friends, and their daughter spoke German. Claud and his family lived in the same neighborhood. This family invited me back to visit so that their daughter would have somebody to be with. It was terrific for me. That is where I met Claud. Claud's family lived in Queens, New York, and they had a summer place in Ringwood, New Jersey, where we live now. Claud was raised by Aunt Dora Achtlstädter. Claud called his aunt, who was from Vienna, Austria, *Tante*--meaning Aunt. I have a gold-edged cup that belonged to Claud's Aunt Dora. It has the inscription, '*Gruss aus Wien*' that translates Greetings from Vienna. His paternal Uncle Joe came from Bavaria, Germany, and he had no job. He went to the Midwest as a migrant worker to work on big ranches until he met Claud's Aunt Dora. They settled down in Queens, New York. When I met Uncle Joe, I was able to talk to him in German, too.

"Claud's Mom, Caroline, died when he was two years old. Aunt Dora could not have children and wanted Claud. His dad was Spanish, and he remarried seven years after his wife died. His dad's second wife was Spanish. Claud's maternal grandparents traveled from Vienna to America in 1890. Originally, they landed in Boston one generation preceding World War Two. They must have gone through America's naturalization process.

"I remember that he went on a skiing trip during Christmas and New Years, and he came over and gave me a portable radio. I just could not believe that anyone would give me a portable radio. Claud took my breath away. It was amazing. That is how we began to build our own lives. We came out on top.

"My husband and I will celebrate our fiftieth wedding anniversary in 1999. We have three lovely children. Our son, Claud-Peter was born in 1951. There was a war going on in Korea, and I did not want my husband to be *Kanonen Futter* meaning cannon fodder. The United States did not draft married men with children at the time. Heidi was born in 1954. Lisa, our little *Nachkömmling*--meaning, late, or later offspring--was born in 1963. During the time Lisa grew up, I stayed home with her until she was in first grade, and Claud-Peter was in his first year of Rutgers Engineering School.

"Every week I wrote to my mother, and she wrote me a letter back. It was good for me to write to her. I had to write in German. As a result, I read and wrote German because I wrote to my mother. I kept my German language alive by writing to my mother, every week.

"I did not see my mother until 1959 when I took Claud-Peter and Heidi with me to Germany for a visit. It was horrible for my mother to live in East Germany. She could not leave East Germany to live anywhere else. The rule was anyone under age of sixty-two could not leave the Eastern Zone, but she was allowed to visit with us in West Berlin. She remarried Walter Schmidt whom I met during my visit. He was a very nice man. Walter played the violin.

"We went to the zoo and took in all the city sites. We stayed in a *Pension*--bread and breakfast inn--instead of a hotel. West Berlin was absolutely beautiful, but I can't even begin to tell you how strange I felt in that country known as East Germany.

"The Eastern Zone, between Stassfurt and West Berlin, was monitored by Russian soldiers. While riding the train in the Eastern Zone, Russian soldiers made unscheduled stops and stood by the train station to make their presence known. They were dressed in military uniforms and carried guns. We would stop only for a few seconds. Stassfurt was like a foreign city to me because they had pictures of Stalin and Lenin placed all over the town. The people in the town wore bright colored clothes--reds, blues, and yellows. After Claud-Peter, Heidi, and I got there, I felt very strange. People watched you, looked at you, noticed every move that you made. It was very uncomfortable. East German citizens spied on one another. Also, the newspapers reported illegal

petty transactions, such as buying food on the black market. I'm sure that my mother must have found it to be the same way. East German citizens just didn't have the freedom that we have here. I left East Germany with my two oldest children five weeks after arriving. Russian soldiers watched us at all times because we were foreigners. I could not wait to get out of East Germany. I was afraid that I would get stuck behind the Iron Curtain. The East Germans watched me and traced my steps. They wrote down every train that I took. It was a bad time. All my friends were gone. One former girlfriend lived with a family and was a maid. She had it tough. She worked too many hours. I believe that many nice girls were taken advantage of. I saw Kurt. He had two children, Peter and Isolde. Uncle Kurt's wife, Erna, died of rheumatic heart disease. I don't know the year she died. My children and I returned to the United States.

"In 1969, my mother was allowed to visit us in America. We picked her up at Kennedy Airport. I recognized her immediately. She stayed with us for several weeks. Then we took her to Newark, New Jersey, and tried to extend her visa. But she had to go back to East Germany.

"I remember when mother visited us that she saw my father once on our patio. The relationship was very strange because he brought his Eva. I felt very bad for my mother because she didn't need that. I did not invite my father to visit; I just wanted to keep her sheltered from him. But he did stop by, and his Eva stopped by. It was kind of very hard for my mother. My father lived up the hill from us in a summer bungalow, and he visited from time-to-time.

"Mother had no one to return to. She lost her husband, Walter. He died a couple of years before her visit. It was a shame, but she explained that if she did not return East German authorities would take everything away from her and board up her apartment that was on street level--the same apartment that I had lived in during World War Two.

"My mother died the fall of 1969. I had just started my student teaching at Ringwood, New Jersey, and I got that terrible news. I was so disciplined that I couldn't even breakdown. I should have said that I needed a couple of days off from student teaching. I've never gotten over my mother's death because there was no closure. She committed suicide after she returned to East Germany. She opened the gas on the gas stove. She was living by herself. When she saw me in 1969, I believed that she felt that I was all right, so she finished her life. It was very hard for me to accept her tragic death.

"No matter how hard we tried to keep her here, or set her up in West Berlin, her answer was always the Russian occupation--or communists would take everything away from her, and board up her apartment in my grandfather's five-family house. My mother was sixty-seven years old. I am sixty-eight now. Isn't that ironic? She was not an old person at all.

"After mother died in the fall of 1969, I assumed that the spoils of the house went to my cousin Peter Tempelhoff, Uncle Kurt's son, who lived in Stassfurt at that time. My mother had only one sister who died at age nineteen of pleurisy. During that same year, I was offered a fourth grade teaching position at E. G. Hewitt in Ringwood, New Jersey.

"My grandfather died in 1956. All I know from my mother is that while he was cutting the grapevines that were used for making wine, and grew upon the house in the backyard, he fell, and hit a picket fence, and he punctured his lungs. He was in the hospital, and I remember that he was so very thirsty. After I left for America in 1946, I never saw my grandfather again.

"My grandmother died in 1941. As I have previously mentioned, she died of liver cancer. They did not have any morphine to give these cancer patients; so she screamed day and night, and I took care of her. I was ten or eleven. I vividly remember her screaming day and night. She had this lump on her right side where the liver is located. Also, I remember my mother explaining to

me that when the lump opened up she would be dead. She told me that the doctor told her this. I had never heard of such a thing, so it must have been an outside cancer that came out of her body. I have no idea. Since my mother worked, I took care of my grandmother. I needed to wash her, and to make sure that she was comfortable. That was all around my school time too. It was not easy. After the war, I learned that all the morphine she should have been given went to the fronts--to the East and West fronts. They had no medication to give her. That is why she screamed. I was ten in 1939 when she started to experience pain. She could not eat because the cancer attacked her digestive system. Everything disagreed with her. I think in size I am like my grandmother. She was not a heavy or big person. I washed her. I fluffed up her pillows. I tried to make her as comfortable as possible, but she was really in bad shape. She should have been on medication. Today, I've learned that terminal cancer is very terrible, especially if it affects your digestive system. She starved to death. There wasn't any food to entice her to eat.

"I think that because I was young, I could take my personal experiences better than an older person. I had no choice. I think that life shaped me into being a survivor. I had to survive. I guess that's what it is; you just don't give up as a young person. If I wanted to do something, I believed that I needed to do it, and I have always been that way. Just staying in night school as an adult and leaving my children was difficult. Lisa cried everyday when I had to leave her, and I cried. To keep up with my studies I just took one or two courses at night. I finished, except for my student teaching when Lisa took the first bus to her first grade school.

"I was very busy working as a teacher in Ringwood, New Jersey. First, I taught fourth grade, then first grade--and I loved those little sponges because they were so attentive. Last, I taught second grade until my retirement. I taught school twenty-two years.

"In 1976, I was diagnosed with breast cancer. I never gave up my job. I was sad when I looked out of our picture window. I wondered how could this happen to me after I worked so hard. I lived on death row five years. The medical personnel said, if you survive five years maybe you have made it. It has now been twenty-three years.

"For one year I had chemotherapy. I went to work, and I ate peppermints all day long. I just couldn't help it; the peppermints stopped me from being nauseous. I never would eat anything in front of the students that they could not have, but I guess they understood because they did not say anything. I had a radical mastectomy in 1976. I was forty-six years old. Well, here I am twenty-two years later--a survivor. I hope so.

"My grandfather and my uncles were not religious. My mother and grandmother were religious. I overheard arguments inside the home between my uncles and my grandfather and my mother and grandmother. I believed at that time that their arguments did not make very good sense to me. They were torn between believed truths. After I was confirmed, I never returned to church. Today, it does not make sense to me how some very educated people go to church, and give so much money. I can go in my backyard and see goodness and beauty. I don't need to go to church, and ask for forgiveness. I don't need to do this.

"Religion is such a powerhouse. It is based on money. In 1989 or 1990 I remember having bus duty at school, and I talked with the principal at that time, who was outside too. He explained that he was a mentor for the Covenant House on Saturdays in New York City. I remember that he was never interested in young women teachers. One man with whom he mentored became a famous Catholic priest from the Covenant House. The principal was convicted as being a pedophile. Today he is serving time in prison.

"Another example is that religious wars continue between Catholics and Protestants in

Ireland, and in Yugoslavia between Serbs and Croatians. How important can these religious beliefs be?

"I have always tried to supersede my background, and somehow I did it. When I attended college, some young women asked me as well as others for term papers, and I thought at that time that these women had not learned anything. Professors would assign us to do many term papers, and give many tests. I would have so many papers to do and tests to take. I thought, if I don't do this I might personally lose, and I am paying for my education, so why should I not learn? It was definitely tough. It was extremely hard. As an adult you have forgotten your high school education. My English was not perfected at that time. I could not express myself the way that I could in German, but I studied and achieved passing grades on both term papers and tests. After commuting to school at night, I graduated from William Paterson University, Paterson, New Jersey, in 1969 with a degree in Elementary Education.

"Our son, Claud-Peter, graduated from Rutgers and has a Mechanical Engineering Degree. He also has a Professional Engineering Certification, and his own company. Heidi, our first daughter, has a degree in Special Education from William Paterson University and has earned a Masters in Education as well as achieving sixty-plus credits. She is employed in the Kinnelon School System. Lisa, our youngest, has a Mechanical Engineering Degree from Lehigh University, plus a Masters in Business from Delaware University. My husband Claud graduated with an Associate Degree in Engineering from Pratt Institute in New York City."

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Trace Marianne Wahnschaff Ballester
1933-1946 Travels

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Marianne Wahnschaff Ballester's Personal Experiences: United States, World War Two, Soviet Zone
Written by Paula Popow Oliver

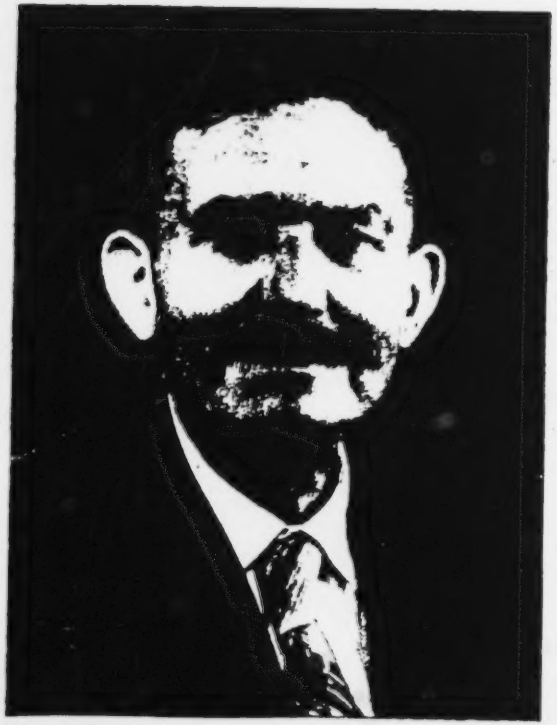
Glossary[4]

ab	away; exit, (page 1)
Anstalt	Institution [school] (page 44)
aus	from, (page 69)
Ausbildung	training; education, (page 70)
Baron	lord; magnate, (page 90)
Futter	fodder; food or feed, (page 268)
Gruss	greeting, (page 315)
Gut	voucher, coupon (p 317)
Güter	community or property; possession; (page 317)
Heil	hail, (page 334)
Herr	lord, master, (page 341)
Jude	Jew, (page 376)
Kanonen	cannon, (page 381)
Kindergarten	nursery school, (page 389)
König	king, (page 404)
Konzentration	Concentration, (page 406)
Kristallnacht	Night of the Broken Glass--Nazi planned progrom burning synagogues and breaking windows of shops owned by Jews, (page 414)
Lager (s)	camp (s), (page 421)
Lotte	abbreviation for Charlotte, (page 441)
Lehrerin (nen)	teacher, (s) (page 429)
Mutti	mommy, (page 472)
nach	to, (page 473)
Nachkömmling	late arrival, (page 475)
Palästina	Palestine, (page 501)
Pension	guest house, (page 507)
Platz	room; space--place, (page 514)
Schand	scandalous or disgraceful deed, (page 565)
Strasse	road, (page 635)
Tante	Aunt, (page 646)
Vertrag	contract; agreement, (page720)
von	from, (page 729)
Wachtel	quail, (page 738)
Wien	Vienna (page 756)

[4] Peter Terrell, Veronika Calderwood-Schnorr; Wendy V. A. Morris, Roland Breitsprecher, *Collins: German English, English-German Dictionary*, (London and Glasgow) Harper & Row New York, 1990.

Photographs

Family Photographs of Marianne Wahnschaff Ballester



Wilhelm Tempelhoff, East Germany

1

Anna Tempelhoff and husband, Wilhelm Tempelhoff, East Germany

2

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Ida Tempelhoff--East Germany

Paul Wahnschaff 1933-1935--United States of America

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22

Ida Tempelhoff Wahnschaff on board the Bremen traveling from Germany to USA

5

United States: Ida Tempelhoff Wahnschaff and daughter, Marianne, 1930

Central Park, New York, New York

6

United States: Ida Tempelhoff Wahnschaff with daughter, Marianne: 1930; Central Park, New York, New York

7

Marianne Wahnschaff; 1933-1935; Stassfurt, Germany

8

Ida Tempelhoff Wahnschaff, East Germany

1956
East Germany

9

Ida Tempelhoff Wahnschaff

1956
East Germany

10

Ida Tempelhoff Wahnschaff

1956
East Germany

11

My father's sister's family-- in a courtyard, Löderburg, Germany

Sitting: My father's sister, Emma Wahnschaff Schmidt, husband--last name Schmidt; their three children standing.

12

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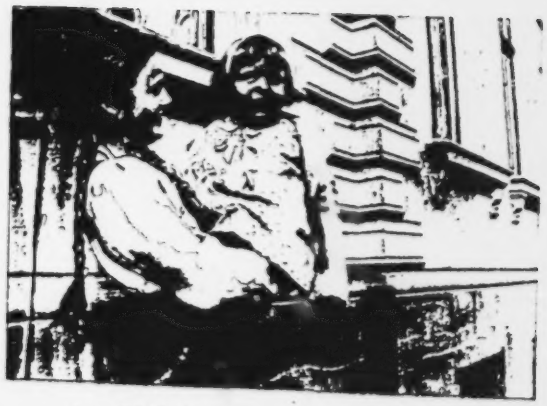
Marianne Wahnschaff with cousin, Lisa Weckner in Grandfather's--Opa's yard

13



Marianne Wahnschaff held by cousin, Lisa Weckner; near Grandfather's--Opa's home

Stassfurt, Germany, 1933

14

Marianne Wahnschaff in Opa's garden, 1933-1934

Marianne Wahnschaff, Opa's garden, 1933-1934

Playing "Tea Party!"

28

Marianne Wahnschaff, Opa's--Grandfather's yard with doll, Christa, 1934

17

(C) Marianne Wahnschaff, five or six-years old, (R) Herbert Tempelhoff, age nine

Onkel Willie Tempelhoff (standing). The carriage and harness were made by grandfather Willhelm Tempelhoff. (Onkel Willie never returned from Stalingrad).

18

Uncle Kurt Tempelhoff and his wife, Erna

19

Family picture

Back: Grandfather, Wilhelm Tempelhoff; Grandma, Anna Wecker Tempelhoff; Mother, Ida Tempelhoff; Aunt Erna Templehoff, Onkel Kurt Tempelhoff. Frt: Marianne Wahnschaff, brother

20

All girl's school, Stassfurt

Center: Marianne Wahnschaff; L to R: Ursula Heidenreich, Mia Birkmann, Marriam, and another classmate.

21

Marianne Wahnschaff bike riding with friend, Lissa Mengewein, 1939-1940

22

31

Marianne Wahnschaff with friend, Lissa Mengewein on bike ride, 1939-1940

23

(L) Marianne Wahnschaff and friend Lissa Mengewein--bike riding, 1939--1940

24

Marianne Wahnschaff, Lisa Weckner standing in front of Grandfather Wilhelm Tempelhoff house, Wachtel Strasse 65, Stassfurt, Germany

25

View where Grandfather, Wilhelm Templehoff fell off a picket fence as he trimmed the vines. A few days later he died in the hospital.

26

Opa's--Grandfather's Wilhelm Tempelhoff's grave in Stassfurt, Germany

27

Preparing to leave Stassfurt, Germany

1959
Unidentified person, Frau Heidenreich, Marianne Wahnschaff Ballester with her Mother, Ida Tempelhoff Wahnschaff, Ida's second husband Walter Schmidt, Heidi and Claud-Peter Ballester

28

Leaving Stassfurt, Germany for United States

1959
Unidentified person, Marianne Wahnschaff Ballester, Frau Heidenreich, Ida Tempelhoff Wahnschaff, Ida's second husband, Walter Schmidt, Heidi and Claud-Peter Ballester

29

Walter Schmidt--Ida Tempelhoff Wahnschaff's second husband, played the violin

30

Leaving East Germany in 1959

In front of Opa's house, and cobblestone street

31

Leaving East Germany in 1959

In front of Opa's house, and cobblestone street

32

Post Card: The Leaning Tower of Stassfurt dating to the Thirty-year's War. The salt mines underneath caused tower to lean.

STASSFURT
Schiefer Turm der spätgotischen Stadtkirche
St. Johannis, Stassfurts Wahrzeichen;
ca. 2,30 m aus der Senkrechten; Kirchenschiff
1948 ausgebrannt und niedergelegt.

GEBR. GLOFF KG · MAGDEBURG

Stassfurt im April 1965

Farb-Foto

Sende Dir
noch mal das
Türmlein vom
unseren Turm -
der nun verschwindet
damit Du einen
Rahmen darum -
dann denkst Du noch mal zurück an
Deine Kinderjahre - wo Dein Mütterchen
ist -

Post Card Message: 1965

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Oberschule – Badebrücke
Der Schiefe Turm – Turmgasse

EVP MDN -,20

Post Card--Sites of Stassfurt

36

Garloff

Echt Foto

GEBR. GARLOFF KG . MAGDEBURG

N 1/66 IV-14-45 Z 1018

Post Card Message

37

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Post Card--Sites of Stassfurt, Germany

38

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38

19

Post Card Message: 1965

39

Echt Foto

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N 1/64 IV 11 65 Z 1222

Picture Post Card--Bodebrucke River, (a.k.a. Bode River), Stassfurt, Germany

Bode River flows into the Saale River, and the Saale River flows into the Elbe River. Notice the street car, the town's only transportation.

Family Photographs of Marianne Wahnschaff Ballester and Claud Ballester

Marianne Wahnschaff and Claud Ballester Wedding Day, July 30, 1949

Rhineland House, 86th Street, Manhattan, New York

Marianne Wahnschaff, United States 1946-1947

Marianne Wahnschaff, Sunken Meadow, Long Island, NY, 1946-1947

Claud Ballester, 22-years-old, 1947

1954
The Ballester's: Heidi--2 and 1/2-years-old; Marianne, Claud-Peter--5-years-old, Claud

Building Basement at One Tulip Avenue, Ringwood, New Jersey
Uncle Joe Schmid, 1954

Backyard View--One Tulip Avenue, Ringwood, New Jersey:
1958

Class Photograph: Marianne Wahnschaff Ballester with her students, Ringwood, New Jersey

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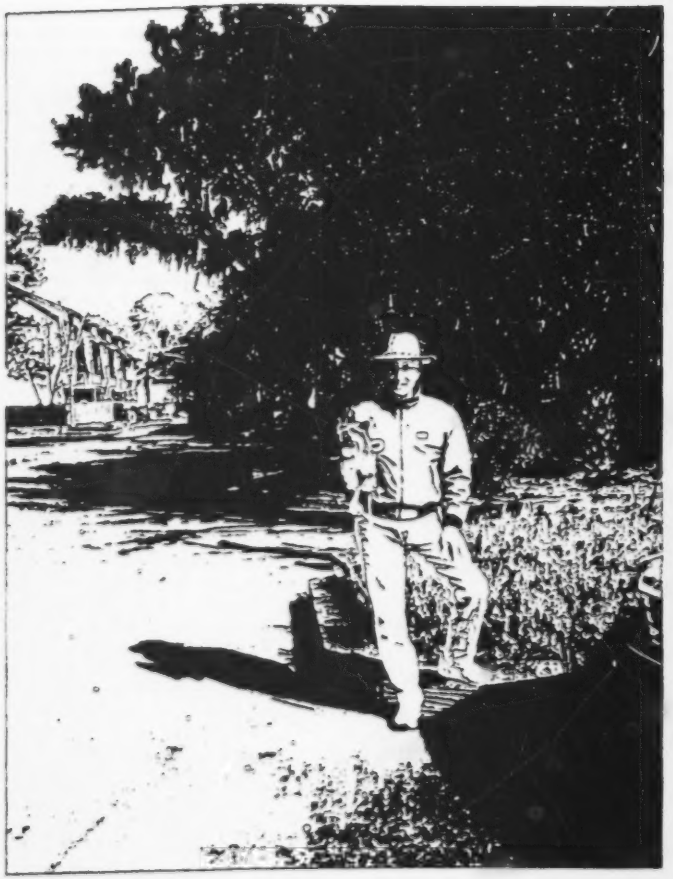
1987
Claud Ballester visiting Claud-Peter's home, West Milford, New Jersey



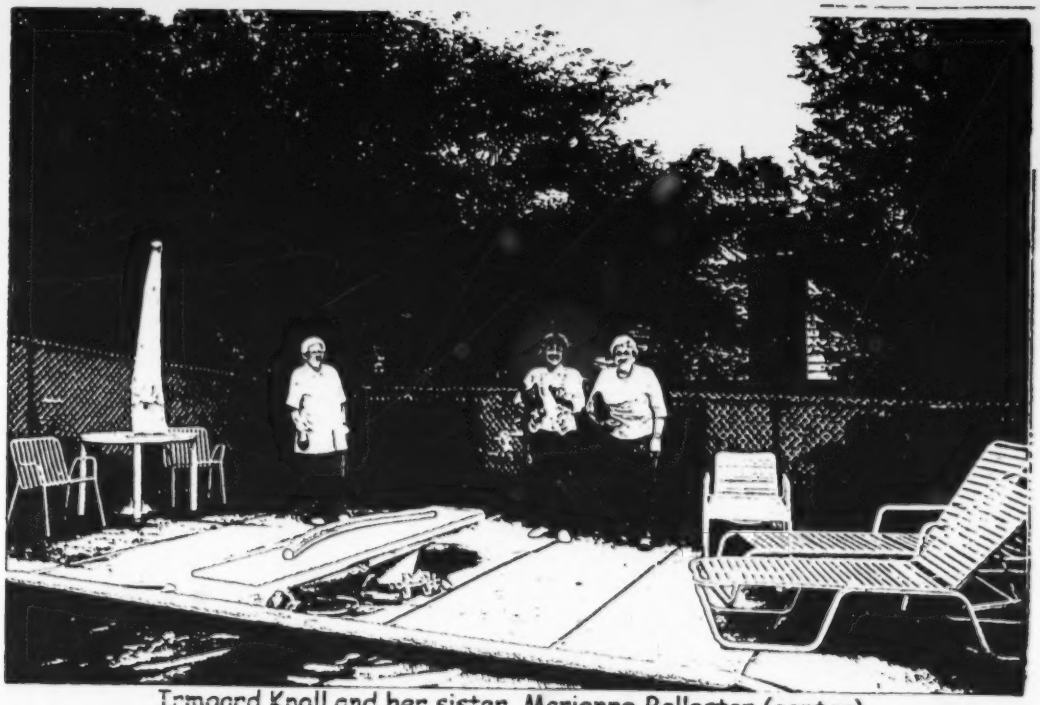
1995
Claud Ballester, Hilton Head Island, South Carolina

Home: Ringwood, New Jersey: (L) Irmgard Knoll and Marianne Wahnschaff Ballester, 1996

Germen Festival, Dover, New Jersey
July 07, 1996
Irmgard Knoll, friend of Marianne and Claud Ballester. (Irmgard from Bremerhaven, Germany, and husband, Werner originally from Plauen, Germany.)

Irmgard Knoll, Marianne and Claud Ballester's Patio, Ringwood, NJ,
August 13, 1996

Irmgard and her sister, Marianne and Claud Ballester's Patio, Ringwood, NJ
August 18, 1996



Irmgard Knoll and her sister, Marianne Ballester (center)

Chris Ballester and Georgie Rose--Grandparents patio--Ringwood, NJ
1996

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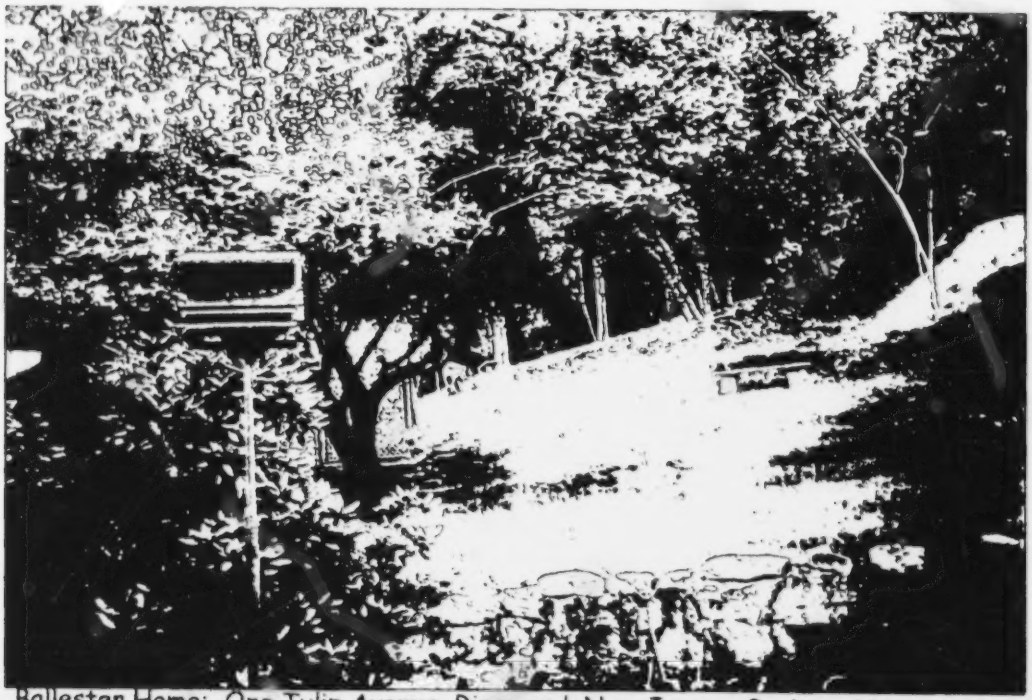
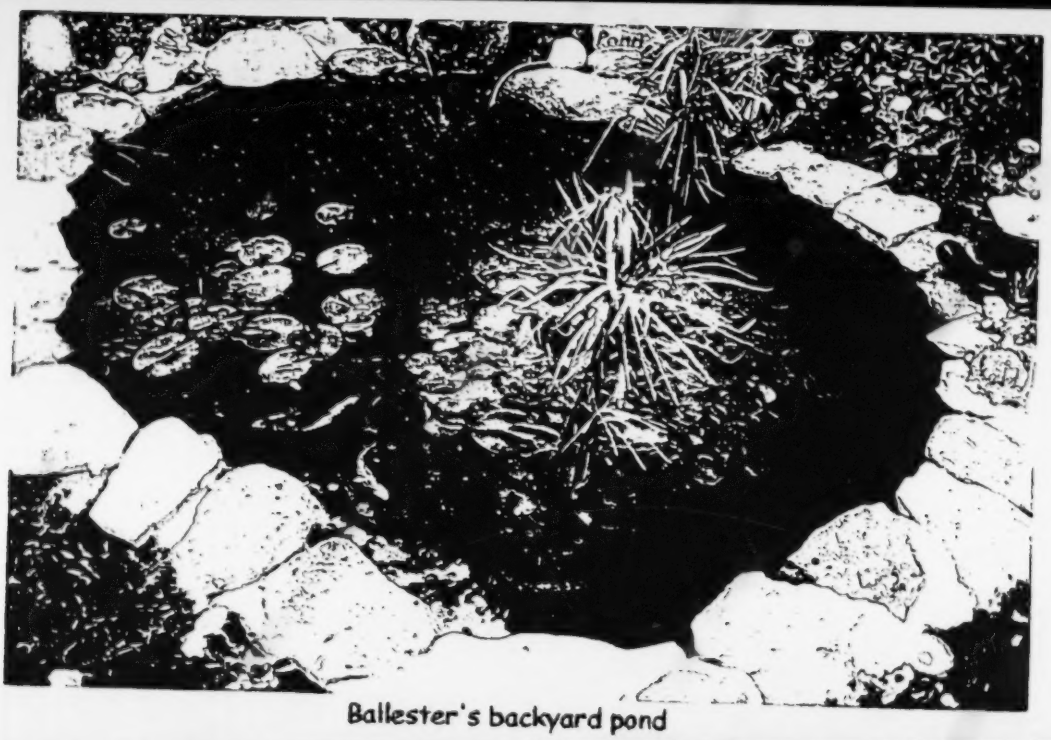
Claud-Peter's Deck, Macopin Road, West Milford, New Jersey

Back row: Grandchildren, Carrie Ballester, 14-years-old; Danielle Pearce, 12-years old; Chris Ballester, 12-1/2- years-old; Front row: Grandparents, Claud and Marianne Ballester



Ballester Home: One Tulip Avenue, Ringwood, New Jersey; Backyard View; 1996



Ballester's backyard pond

Bear visiting Ballester's backyard

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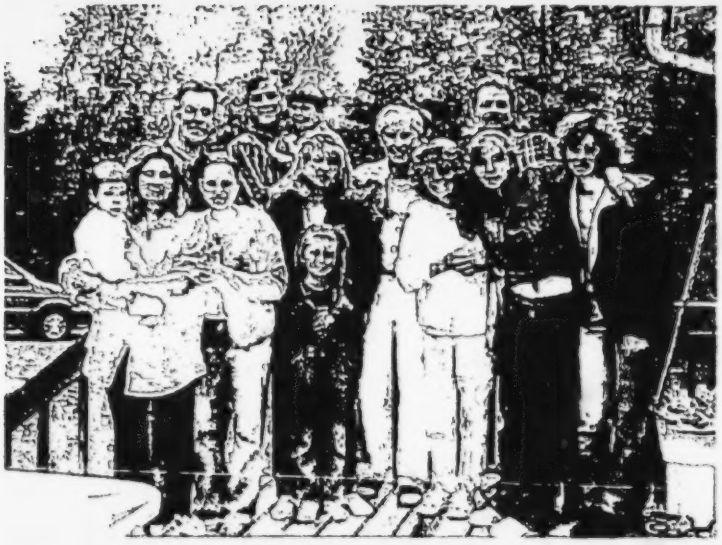
Ronald and Heidi Pearce Wedding
1989
Back Row: Claud Jr., Ronald Pearce, George Rose, Claud, Sr.; Middle Row: Linda Ballester, Heidi, Lisa, Marianne; First Row: Grandchildren: Carrie Ballester, Danielle Pearce, Chris Ballester

Heidi Pearce holding Alex Pearce, Danielle Pearce, Ronald Pearce

The Rose Family: George II, Lisa, Jessika, and George III, 1997



Family Photo
1998

Back: Ron Pearce, George & Georgie Rose, Claud & Claud-Peter Ballester; Front: Alex, Heidi, & Danielle Pearce, Lisa & Jessika Rose, Marianne Ballester, Carrie & Linda Ballester

Genealogy: Marianne Wahnschaff Ballester

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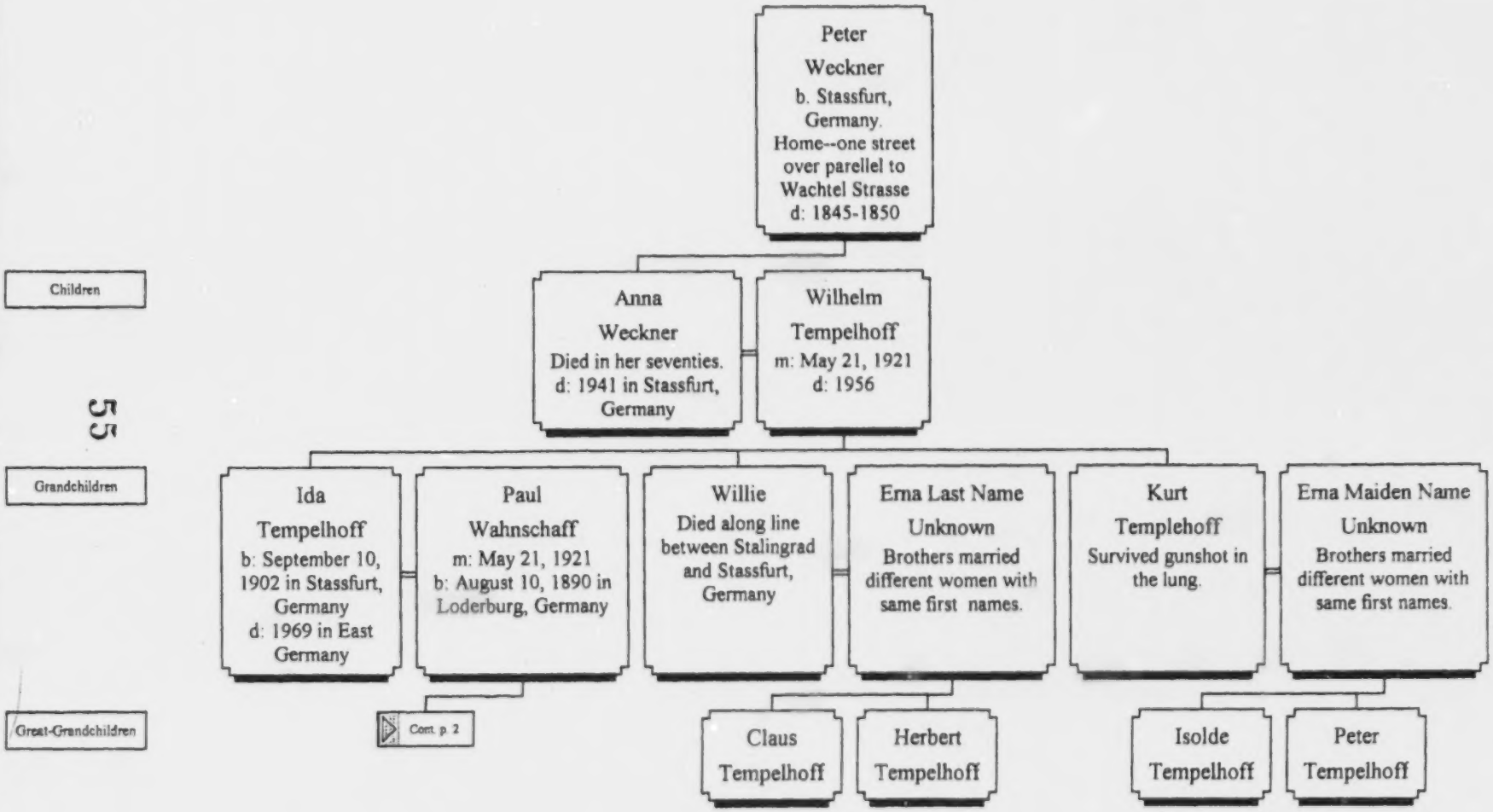
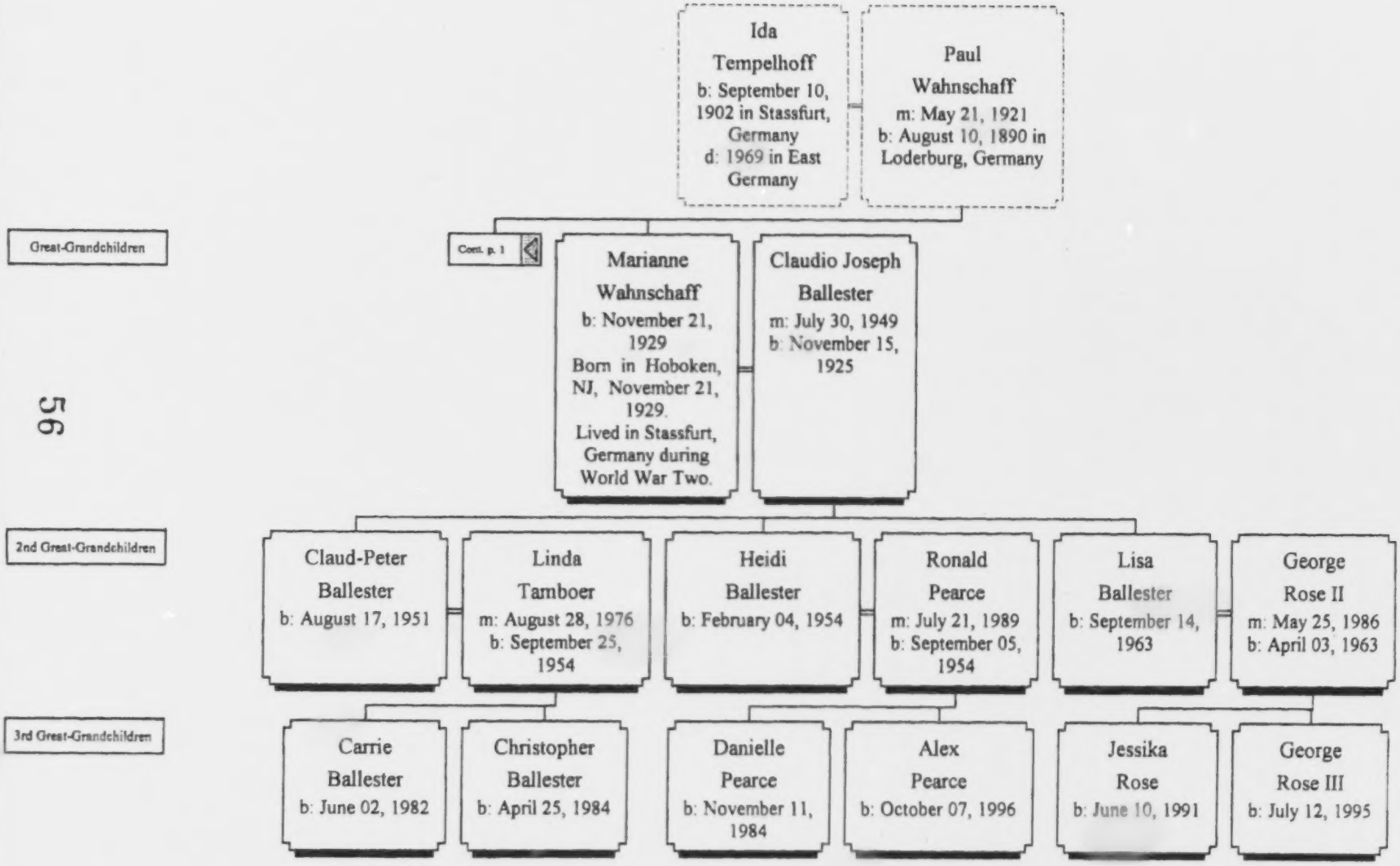
Descendants of Peter Weckner (1 of 2)




Ida Tempelhoff
b: September 10, 1902 in Stassfurt, Germany
d: 1969 in East Germany
Paul Wahnschaff
m: May 21, 1921
b: August 10, 1890 in Loderburg, Germany
Great-Grandchildren
Cont. p. 1
Marianne Wahnschaff
b: November 21, 1929
Born in Hoboken, NJ, November 21, 1929.
Lived in Stassfurt, Germany during World War Two.
Claudio Joseph Ballester
m: July 30, 1949
b: November 15, 1925
2nd Great-Grandchildren
Claud-Peter Ballester
b: August 17, 1951
Linda Tamboer
m: August 28, 1976
b: September 25, 1954
Heidi Ballester
b: February 04, 1954
Ronald Pearce
m: July 21, 1989
b: September 05, 1954
Lisa Ballester
b: September 14, 1963
George Rose II
m: May 25, 1986
b: April 03, 1963
3rd Great-Grandchildren
Carrie Ballester
b: June 02, 1982
Christopher Ballester
b: April 25, 1984
Danielle Pearce
b: November 11, 1984
Alex Pearce
b: October 07, 1996
Jessika Rose
b: June 10, 1991
George Rose III
b: July 12, 1995

Report: Descendants of Peter Weckner

Generation No. 1

1. PETER[1] WECKNER died 1845-1850.

More About PETER WECKNER:
Fact 1: b. Stassfurt, Germany.
Fact 2: Home--one street over parellel to Wachtel Strasse
Fact 3: Lived to be 99 years old.

Child of PETER WECKNER is:
2. i. ANNA[2] WECKNER, d. 1941, Stassfurt, Germany.

Generation No. 2

2. ANNA[2] WECKNER *(PETER[1])* died 1941 in Stassfurt, Germany. She married WILHELM TEMPELHOFF May 21, 1921.

More About ANNA WECKNER:
Fact 1: Died in her seventies.
Cause of Death: Liver Cancer

Children of ANNA WECKNER and WILHELM TEMPELHOFF are:
3. i. IDA[3] TEMPELHOFF, b. September 10, 1902, Stassfurt, Germany; d. 1969, East Germany.
4. ii. WILHELM (WILLIE) TEMPLEHOFF II.
5. iii. KURT TEMPLEHOFF.

Generation No. 3

3. IDA[3] TEMPELHOFF *(ANNA[2] WECKNER, PETER[1])* was born September 10, 1902 in Stassfurt, Germany, and died 1969 in East Germany. She married PAUL WAHNSCHAFF May 21, 1921, son of GRANDFATHER WAHNSCHAFF and GRANDMOTHER WAHNSCHAFF.

Child of IDA TEMPELHOFF and PAUL WAHNSCHAFF is:
6. i. MARIANNE[4] WAHNSCHAFF, b. November 21, 1929.

4. WILHELM (WILLIE)[3] TEMPLEHOFF II *(ANNA[2] WECKNER, PETER[1])*. He married ERNA LAST NAME UNKNOWN.

More About WILHELM (WILLIE) TEMPLEHOFF II:
Fact 1: Died along line between Stalingrad and Stassfurt, Germany

Fact 1: Brothers married different women with same first names.

Children of WILHELM TEMPLEHOFF and ERNA UNKNOWN are:
i. CLAUS[4] TEMPELHOFF.
ii. HERBERT TEMPELHOFF.

5. KURT[3] TEMPLEHOFF *(ANNA[2] WECKNER, PETER[1])*. He married ERNA MAIDEN NAME UNKNOWN.

More About KURT TEMPLEHOFF:
Fact 1: Survived gunshot in the lung.

More About ERNA MAIDEN NAME UNKNOWN:
Fact 1: Brothers married different women with same first names.

Children of KURT TEMPLEHOFF and ERNA UNKNOWN are:
i. ISOLDE[4] TEMPELHOFF.
ii. PETER TEMPELHOFF.

Generation No. 4

6. MARIANNE[4] WAHNSCHAFF *(IDA[3] TEMPELHOFF, ANNA[2] WECKNER, PETER[1])* was born November 21, 1929. She married CLAUDIO JOSEPH BALLESTER July 30, 1949, son of CLAUDIO BALLESTER and CAROLINE ACHTLSTADTER.

More About MARIANNE WAHNSCHAFF:
Fact 1: Born in Hoboken, NJ, November 21, 1929.
Fact 2: Lived in Stassfurt, Germany during World War Two.

Children of MARIANNE WAHNSCHAFF and CLAUDIO BALLESTER are:
7. i. CLAUD-PETER[5] BALLESTER, b. August 17, 1951.
8. ii. HEIDI BALLESTER, b. February 04, 1954.
9. iii. LISA BALLESTER, b. September 14, 1963.

Generation No. 5

7. CLAUD-PETER[5] BALLESTER *(MARIANNE[4] WAHNSCHAFF, IDA[3] TEMPELHOFF, ANNA[2] WECKNER, PETER[1])* was born August 17, 1951. He married LINDA TAMBOER August 28, 1976.

Children of CLAUD-PETER BALLESTER and LINDA TAMBOER are:
i. CARRIE[6] BALLESTER, b. June 02, 1982.
ii. CHRISTOPHER BALLESTER, b. April 25, 1984.

8. HEIDI[5] BALLESTER *(MARIANNE[4] WAHNSCHAFF, IDA[3] TEMPELHOFF, ANNA[2] WECKNER, PETER[1])* was born February 04, 1954. She married RONALD PEARCE July

21, 1989.

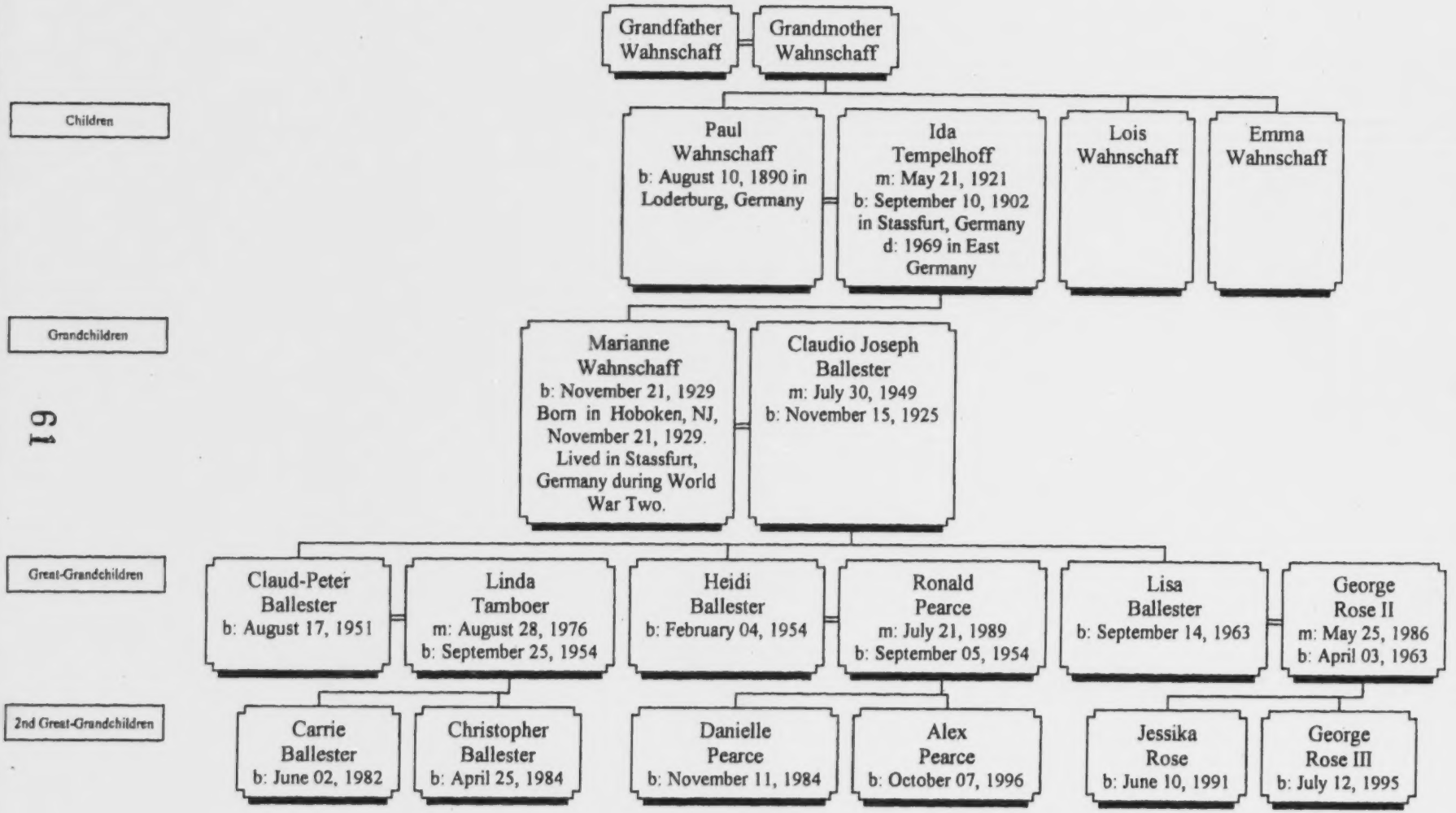
Children of HEIDI BALLESTER and RONALD PEARCE are:
i. DANIELLE[6] PEARCE, b. November 11, 1984.
ii. ALEX PEARCE, b. October 07, 1996.

9. LISA[5] BALLESTER *(MARIANNE[4] WAHNSCHAFF, IDA[3] TEMPELHOFF, ANNA[2] WECKNER, PETER[1])* was born September 14, 1963. She married GEORGE ROSE II May 25, 1986.

Children of LISA BALLESTER and GEORGE ROSE are:
i. JESSIKA[6] ROSE, b. June 10, 1991.
ii. GEORGE ROSE III, b. July 12, 1995.

1 Peter Weckner - 1845-1850
..... 2 Anna Weckner - 1941
..... +Wilhelm Tempelhoff - 1956
..... 3 Ida Tempelhoff 1902 - 1969
..... +Paul Wahnschaff 1890 -
..... 4 Marianne Wahnschaff 1929 -
..... +Claudio Joseph Ballester 1925 -
..... 5 Claud-Peter Ballester 1951 -
..... +Linda Tamboer 1954 -
..... 6 Carrie Ballester 1982 -
..... 6 Christopher Ballester 1984 -
..... 5 Heidi Ballester 1954 -
..... +Ronald Pearce 1954 -
..... 6 Danielle Pearce 1984 -
..... 6 Alex Pearce 1996 -
..... 5 Lisa Ballester 1963 -
..... +George Rose II 1963 -
..... 6 Jessika Rose 1991 -
..... 6 George Rose III 1995 -
..... 3 Willie
..... +Erna Last Name Unknown
..... 4 Claus Tempelhoff
..... 4 Herbert Tempelhoff
..... 3 Kurt Templehoff
..... +Erna Maiden Name Unknown
..... 4 Isolde Tempelhoff
..... 4 Peter Tempelhoff

Descendants of Grandfather Wahnschaff



Report: Descendants of Grandfather Wahnschaff

Generation No. 1

1. GRANDFATHER[1] WAHNSCHAFF. He married GRANDMOTHER WAHNSCHAFF.

Children of GRANDFATHER WAHNSCHAFF and GRANDMOTHER WAHNSCHAFF are:

2. i. PAUL[2] WAHNSCHAFF, b. August 10, 1890, Loderburg, Germany.
   ii. LOIS WAHNSCHAFF.
   iii. EMMA WAHNSCHAFF.

Generation No. 2

2. PAUL[2] WAHNSCHAFF *(GRANDFATHER[1])* was born August 10, 1890 in Loderburg, Germany. He married IDA TEMPELHOFF May 21, 1921, daughter of WILHELM TEMPELHOFF and ANNA WECKNER.

Child of PAUL WAHNSCHAFF and IDA TEMPELHOFF is:

3. i. MARIANNE[3] WAHNSCHAFF, b. November 21, 1929.

Generation No. 3

3. MARIANNE[3] WAHNSCHAFF *(PAUL[2], GRANDFATHER[1])* was born November 21, 1929. She married CLAUDIO JOSEPH BALLESTER July 30, 1949, son of CLAUDIO BALLESTER and CAROLINE ACHTLSTADTER.

More About MARIANNE WAHNSCHAFF:
Fact 1: Born in Hoboken, NJ, November 21, 1929.
Fact 2: Lived in Stassfurt, Germany during World War Two.

Children of MARIANNE WAHNSCHAFF and CLAUDIO BALLESTER are:

4. i. CLAUD-PETER[4] BALLESTER, b. August 17, 1951.
5. ii. HEIDI BALLESTER, b. February 04, 1954.
6. iii. LISA BALLESTER, b. September 14, 1963.

Generation No. 4

4. CLAUD-PETER[4] BALLESTER *(MARIANNE[3] WAHNSCHAFF, PAUL[2], GRANDFATHER[1])* was born August 17, 1951. He married LINDA TAMBOER August 28, 1976.

Children of CLAUD-PETER BALLESTER and J

i. CARRIE[5] BALLESTER, b. June 02, 19
ii. CHRISTOPHER BALLESTER, b. April

5. HEIDI[4] BALLESTER *(MARIANNE[3] WAHNSCHAF*

Children of HEIDI BALLESTER and RONALD

i. DANIELLE[5] PEARCE, b. November 1
ii. ALEX PEARCE, b. October 07, 1996.

6. LISA[4] BALLESTER *(MARIANNE[3] WAHNSCHAFF,*

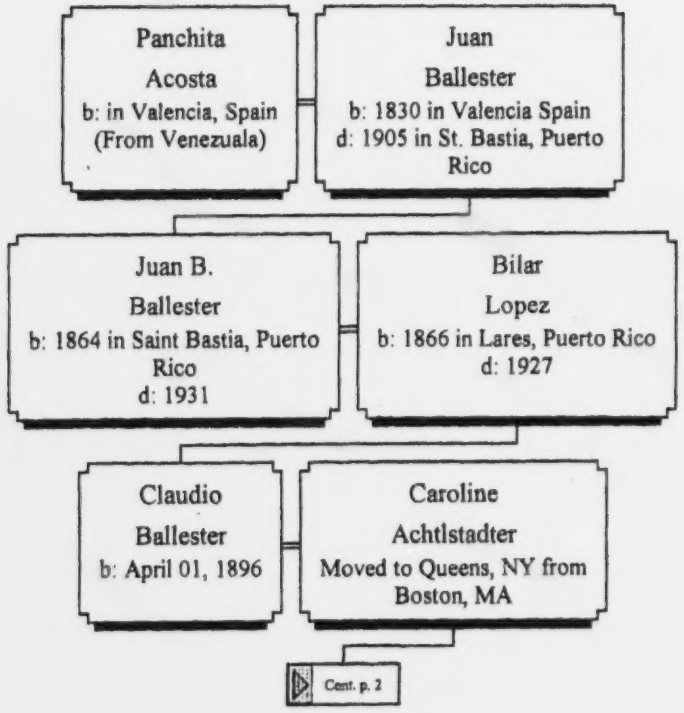
Children of LISA BALLESTER and GEORGE F

i. JESSIKA[5] ROSE, b. June 10, 1991.
ii. GEORGE ROSE III, b. July 12, 1995.

1 Grandfather Wahnschaff
.. +Grandmother Wahnschaff
..... 2 Paul Wahnschaff 1890 -
..... +Ida Tempelhoff 1902 - 1969
..... 3 Marianne Wahnschaff 1929 -
..... +Claudio Joseph Ballester 1925 -
..... 4 Claud-Peter Ballester 1951 -
..... +Linda Tamboer 1954 -
..... 5 Carrie Ballester 1982 -
..... 5 Christopher Ballester 1984 -
..... 4 Heidi Ballester 1954 -
..... +Ronald Pearce 1954 -
..... 5 Danielle Pearce 1984 -
..... 5 Alex Pearce 1996 -
..... 4 Lisa Ballester 1963 -
..... +George Rose II 1963 -
..... 5 Jessika Rose 1991 -
..... 5 George Rose III 1995 -
..... 2 Lois Wahnschaff
..... 2 Emma Wahnschaff

Genealogy: Claudio Joseph Ballester

Descendants of Panchita Acosta (1 of 2)



Children

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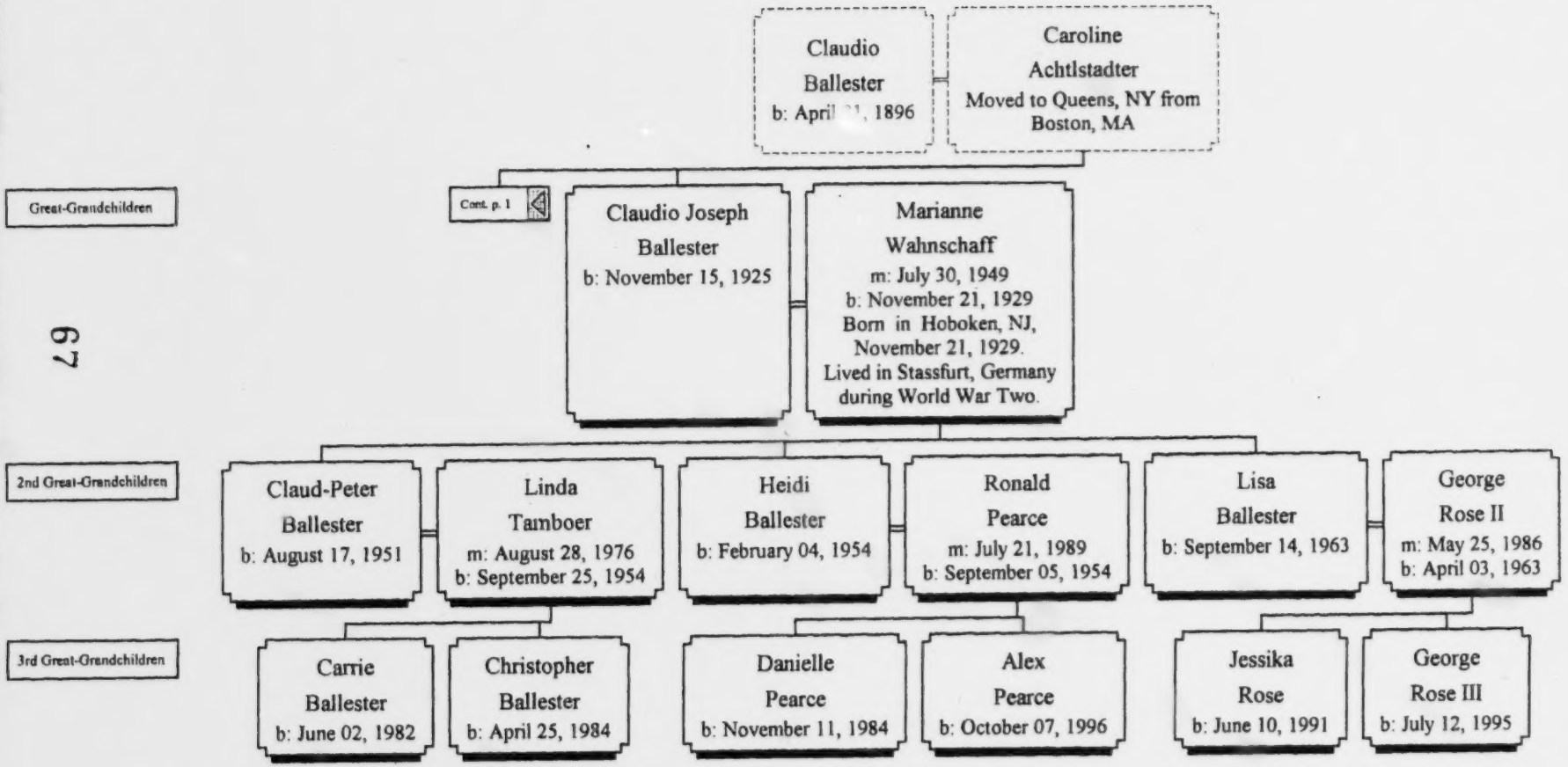
Grandchildren

Descendants of Panchita Acosta (2 of 2)


Claudio Ballester b: April 21, 1896
Caroline Achtlstadter Moved to Queens, NY from Boston, MA
Great-Grandchildren
Cont. p. 1
Claudio Joseph Ballester b: November 15, 1925
Marianne Wahnschaff m: July 30, 1949 b: November 21, 1929 Born in Hoboken, NJ, November 21, 1929. Lived in Stassfurt, Germany during World War Two.
2nd Great-Grandchildren
Claud-Peter Ballester b: August 17, 1951
Linda Tamboer m: August 28, 1976 b: September 25, 1954
Heidi Ballester b: February 04, 1954
Ronald Pearce m: July 21, 1989 b: September 05, 1954
Lisa Ballester b: September 14, 1963
George Rose II m: May 25, 1986 b: April 03, 1963
3rd Great-Grandchildren
Carrie Ballester b: June 02, 1982
Christopher Ballester b: April 25, 1984
Danielle Pearce b: November 11, 1984
Alex Pearce b: October 07, 1996
Jessika Rose b: June 10, 1991
George Rose III b: July 12, 1995

Report: Descendants of Panchita Acosta

Generation No. 1

1. PANCHITA[1] ACOSTA was born in Valencia, Spain. She married JUAN BALLESTER.

More About PANCHITA ACOSTA:
Fact 1: (From Venezuala)

Child of PANCHITA ACOSTA and JUAN BALLESTER is:
2. i. JUAN B.[2] BALLESTER, b. 1864, Saint Bastia, Puerto Rico; d. 1931.

Generation No. 2

2. JUAN B.[2] BALLESTER *(PANCHITA[1] ACOSTA)* was born 1864 in Saint Bastia, Puerto Rico, and died 1931. He married BILAR LOPEZ, daughter of REUMODO LOPEZ and RAMON GONZALES.

Child of JUAN BALLESTER and BILAR LOPEZ is:
3. i. CLAUDIO[3] BALLESTER, b. April 01, 1896.

Generation No. 3

3. CLAUDIO[3] BALLESTER *(JUAN B.[2], PANCHITA[1] ACOSTA)* was born April 01, 1896. He married CAROLINE ACHTLSTADTER, daughter of ADOLF ACHTLSTADTER and MARY OCHSMULLER.

More About CAROLINE ACHTLSTADTER:
Fact 1: Moved to Queens, NY from Boston, MA

Child of CLAUDIO BALLESTER and CAROLINE ACHTLSTADTER is:
4. i. CLAUDIO JOSEPH[4] BALLESTER, b. November 15, 1925.

Generation No. 4

4. CLAUDIO JOSEPH[4] BALLESTER *(CLAUDIO[3], JUAN B.[2], PANCHITA[1] ACOSTA)* was born November 15, 1925. He married MARIANNE WAHNSCHAFF July 30, 1949, daughter of PAUL WAHNSCHAFF and IDA TEMPELHOFF.

More About MARIANNE WAHNSCHAFF:
Fact 1: Born in Hoboken, NJ, November 21, 1929.
Fact 2: Lived in Stassfurt, Germany during World War Two.

Children of CLAUDIO BALLESTER and MARIANNE WAHNSCHAFF are:

5. i. CLAUD-PETER[5] BALLESTER, b. August 17, 1951.
6. ii. HEIDI BALLESTER, b. February 04, 1954.
7. iii. LISA BALLESTER, b. September 14, 1963.

Generation No. 5

5. CLAUD-PETER[5] BALLESTER *(CLAUDIO JOSEPH[4], CLAUDIO[3], JUAN B.[2], PANCHITA[1] ACOSTA)* was born August 17, 1951. He married LINDA TAMBOER August 28, 1976.

Children of CLAUD-PETER BALLESTER and LINDA TAMBOER are:

i. CARRIE[6] BALLESTER, b. June 02, 1982.
ii. CHRISTOPHER BALLESTER, b. April 25, 1984.

6. HEIDI[5] BALLESTER *(CLAUDIO JOSEPH[4], CLAUDIO[3], JUAN B.[2], PANCHITA[1] ACOSTA)* was born February 04, 1954. She married RONALD PEARCE July 21, 1989.

Children of HEIDI BALLESTER and RONALD PEARCE are:

i. DANIELLE[6] PEARCE, b. November 11, 1984.
ii. ALEX PEARCE, b. October 07, 1996.

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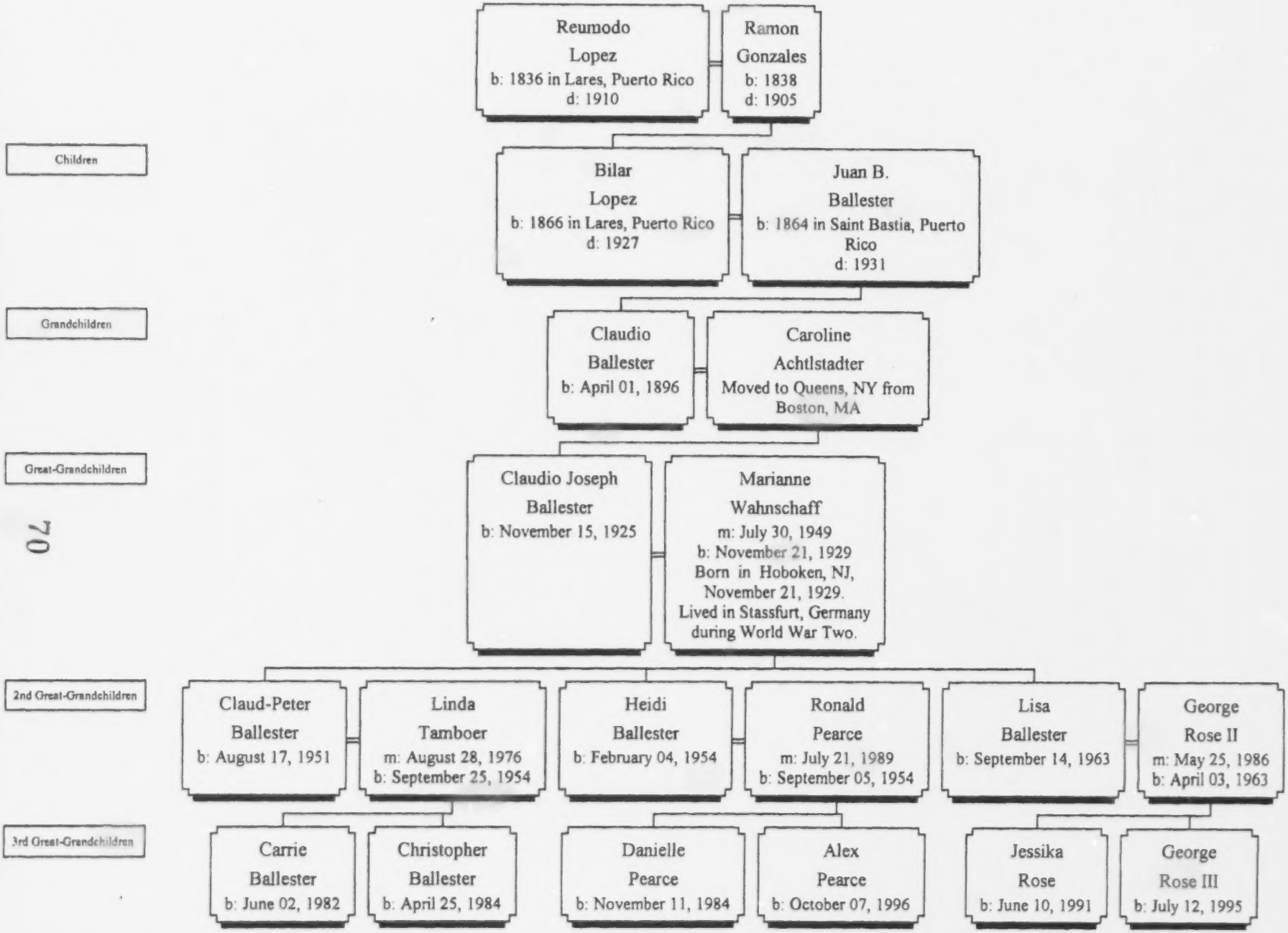
7. LISA[5] BALLESTER *(CLAUDIO JOSEPH[4], CLAUDIO[3], JUAN B.[2], PANCHITA[1] ACOSTA)* was born September 14, 1963. She married GEORGE ROSE II May 25, 1986.

Children of LISA BALLESTER and GEORGE ROSE are:

i. JESSIKA[6] ROSE, b. June 10, 1991.
ii. GEORGE ROSE III, b. July 12, 1995.

Descendants of Reumodo Lopez



Report: Descendants of Reumodo Lopez

Generation No. 1

1. REUMODO[1] LOPEZ was born 1836 in Lares, Puerto Rico, and died 1910. He married RAMON GONZALES.

Child of REUMODO LOPEZ and RAMON GONZALES is:

2. i. BILAR[2] LOPEZ, b. 1866, Lares, Puerto Rico; d. 1927.

Generation No. 2

2. BILAR[2] LOPEZ *(REUMODO[1])* was born 1866 in Lares, Puerto Rico, and died 1927. She married JUAN B. BALLESTER, son of JUAN BALLESTER and PANCHITA ACOSTA.

Child of BILAR LOPEZ and JUAN BALLESTER is:

3. i. CLAUDIO[3] BALLESTER, b. April 01, 1896.

Generation No. 3

3. CLAUDIO[3] BALLESTER *(BILAR[2] LOPEZ, REUMODO[1])* was born April 01, 1896. He married CAROLINE ACHTLSTADTER, daughter of ADOLF ACHTLSTADTER and MARY OCHSMULLER.

More About CAROLINE ACHTLSTADTER:
Fact 1: Moved to Queens, NY from Boston, MA

Child of CLAUDIO BALLESTER and CAROLINE ACHTLSTADTER is:

4. i. CLAUDIO JOSEPH[4] BALLESTER, b. November 15, 1925.

Generation No. 4

4. CLAUDIO JOSEPH[4] BALLESTER *(CLAUDIO[3], BILAR[2] LOPEZ, REUMODO[1])* was born November 15, 1925. He married MARIANNE WAHNSCHAFF July 30, 1949, daughter of PAUL WAHNSCHAFF and IDA TEMPELHOFF.

More About MARIANNE WAHNSCHAFF:
Fact 1: Born in Hoboken, NJ, November 21, 1929.

Fact 2: Lived in Stassfurt, Germany during World War Two.

Children of CLAUDIO BALLESTER and MARIANNE WAHNSCHAFF are:

5. i. CLAUD-PETER[5] BALLESTER, b. August 17, 1951.
6. ii. HEIDI BALLESTER, b. February 04, 1954.
7. iii. LISA BALLESTER, b. September 14, 1963.

Generation No. 5

5. CLAUD-PETER[5] BALLESTER *(CLAUDIO JOSEPH[4], CLAUDIO[3], BILAR[2] LOPEZ, REUMODO[1])* was born August 17, 1951. He married LINDA TAMBOER August 28, 1976.

Children of CLAUD-PETER BALLESTER and LINDA TAMBOER are:

i. CARRIE[6] BALLESTER, b. June 02, 1982.
ii. CHRISTOPHER BALLESTER, b. April 25, 1984.

6. HEIDI[5] BALLESTER *(CLAUDIO JOSEPH[4], CLAUDIO[3], BILAR[2] LOPEZ, REUMODO[1])* was born February 04, 1954. She married RONALD PEARCE July 21, 1989.

Children of HEIDI BALLESTER and RONALD PEARCE are:

i. DANIELLE[6] PEARCE, b. November 11, 1984.
ii. ALEX PEARCE, b. October 07, 1996.

7. LISA[5] BALLESTER *(CLAUDIO JOSEPH[4], CLAUDIO[3], BILAR[2] LOPEZ, REUMODO[1])* was born September 14, 1963. She married GEORGE ROSE II May 25, 1986.

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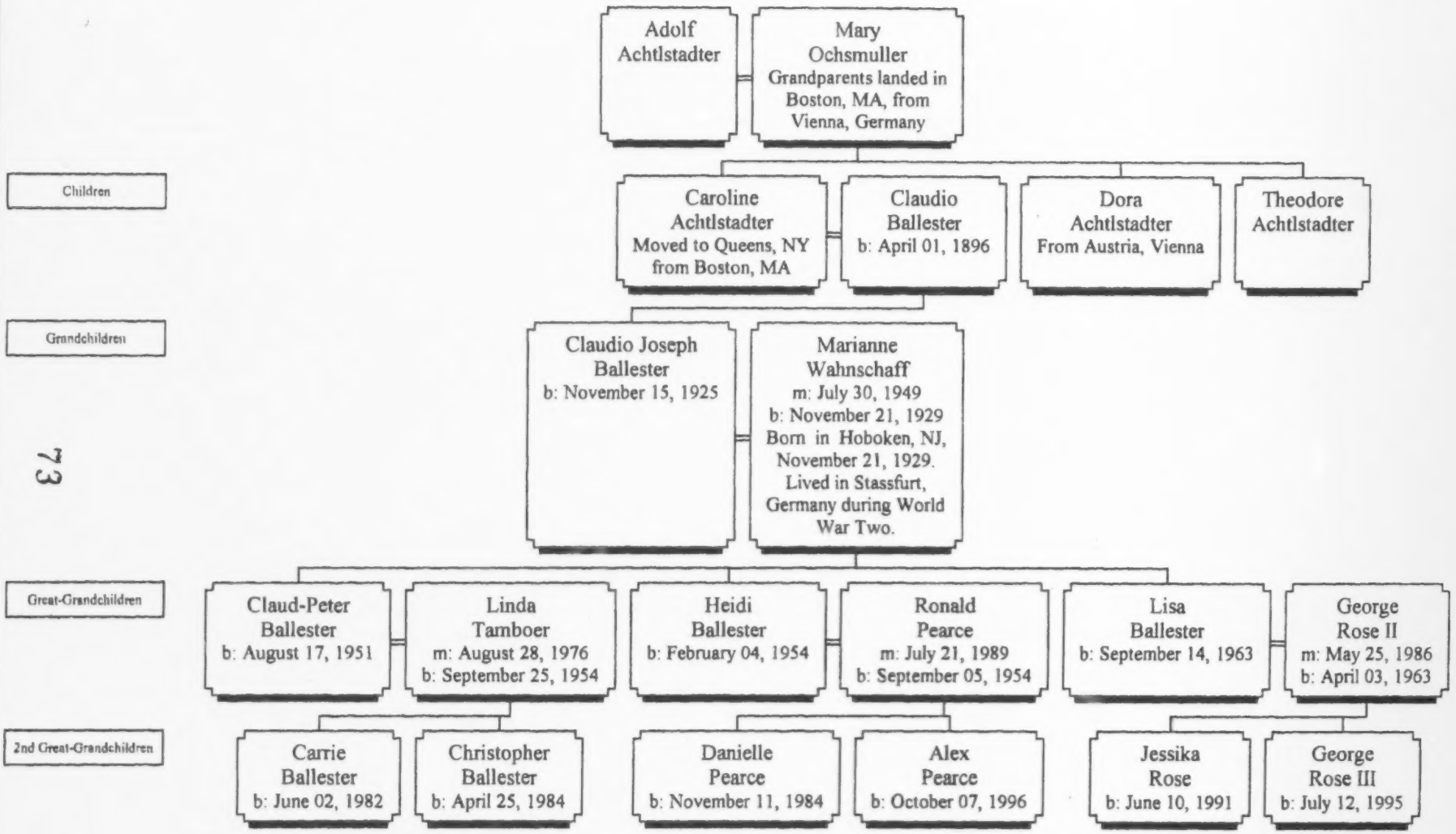
Children of LISA BALLESTER and GEORGE ROSE are:

i. JESSIKA[6] ROSE, b. June 10, 1991.
ii. GEORGE ROSE III, b. July 12, 1995.

Descendants of Adolf Achtlstadter



Report: Descendants of Adolf Achtlstadter

Generation No. 1

1. ADOLF[1] ACHTLSTADTER. He married MARY OCHSMULLER.

More About MARY OCHSMULLER:
Fact 1: Grandparents landed in Boston, MA, from Vienna, Germany

Children of ADOLF ACHTLSTADTER and MARY OCHSMULLER are:

2. i. CAROLINE[2] ACHTLSTADTER.
   ii. DORA ACHTLSTADTER.

More About DORA ACHTLSTADTER:
Fact 1: From Austria, Vienna

   iii. THEODORE ACHTLSTADTER.

Generation No. 2

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2. CAROLINE[2] ACHTLSTADTER *(ADOLF[1])*. She married CLAUDIO BALLESTER, son of JUAN BALLESTER and BILAR LOPEZ.

More About CAROLINE ACHTLSTADTER:
Fact 1: Moved to Queens, NY from Boston, MA

Child of CAROLINE ACHTLSTADTER and CLAUDIO BALLESTER is:

3. i. CLAUDIO JOSEPH[3] BALLESTER, b. November 15, 1925.

Generation No. 3

3. CLAUDIO JOSEPH[3] BALLESTER *(CAROLINE[2] ACHTLSTADTER, ADOLF[1])* was born November 15, 1925. He married MARIANNE WAHNSCHAFF July 30, 1949, daughter of PAUL WAHNSCHAFF and IDA TEMPELHOFF.

More About MARIANNE WAHNSCHAFF:
Fact 1: Born in Hoboken, NJ, November 21, 1929.
Fact 2: Lived in Stassfurt, Germany during World War Two.

Children of CLAUDIO BALLESTER and MARIANNE WAHNSCHAFF are:

4. i. CLAUD-PETER[4] BALLESTER, b. August 17, 1951.

5. ii. HEIDI BALLESTER, b. February 04, 1954.
6. iii. LISA BALLESTER, b. September 14, 1963.

Generation No. 4

4. CLAUD-PETER[4] BALLESTER *(CLAUDIO JOSEPH[3], CAROLINE[2] ACHTLSTADTER, ADOLF[1])* was born August 17, 1951. He married LINDA TAMBOER August 28, 1976.

Children of CLAUD-PETER BALLESTER and LINDA TAMBOER are:
- i. CARRIE[5] BALLESTER, b. June 02, 1982.
- ii. CHRISTOPHER BALLESTER, b. April 25, 1984.

5. HEIDI[4] BALLESTER *(CLAUDIO JOSEPH[3], CAROLINE[2] ACHTLSTADTER, ADOLF[1])* was born February 04, 1954. She married RONALD PEARCE July 21, 1989.

Children of HEIDI BALLESTER and RONALD PEARCE are:
- i. DANIELLE[5] PEARCE, b. November 11, 1984.
- ii. ALEX PEARCE, b. October 07, 1996.

6. LISA[4] BALLESTER *(CLAUDIO JOSEPH[3], CAROLINE[2] ACHTLSTADTER, ADOLF[1])* was born September 14, 1963. She married GEORGE ROSE II May 25, 1986.

Children of LISA BALLESTER and GEORGE ROSE are:
- i. JESSIKA[5] ROSE, b. June 10, 1991.
- ii. GEORGE ROSE III, b. July 12, 1995.

Afterword

The following historic facts may be of assistance while reading Marianne Wahnschaff Ballester's personal experiences:

1). On March 5, 1946, Winston Churchill coined the phrase "Iron Curtain" while delivering a speech at Westminster College in Fulton, Missouri. "Iron Curtain" became a psychological symbol of Europe's division--meaning the separation of Eastern and Soviet communistic governments from Western Europe's free-governing nations.[1]

2). After World War Two Eastern refugees began crossing into West Germany. To prevent the mass emigration Soviets began constructing a physical barrier, known as the Berlin Wall "August 13, 1961," and it was deconstructed in 1989.[2] The Berlin Wall was approximately, "167.7 kilometers, " or approximately one hundred and four miles long.[3]

3). The following four pages include copies of an East Workers advertisement. The first and second pages present an English translation and World Wide Web references, the third page is in German, and the fourth page is a printed .jpeg, Joint Photographic Expert Group image of the Actual German Gothic Document used to solicit workers.

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[1] Winston Churchill, http://www.historyplace.com/speeches/ironcurtain.htm, 1999.

[2] Yosefa Loshhitzky, "Constructing and Deconstructing the Wall," (Berlin Wall), *CLIO*, Spring 1997, v26, n3: p275(22).

[3] Charles Albert Tijus; Arnaud Santolini, "Mental Constructs and the Cognitive Reconstruction of the Berlin Wall," *The Journal of Psychology*, July 1996, v130, n4: p410 (11).

Actual German Gothic Document
ARBEITER! - German Language Document

Leaflet No. 1 for East-Workers

Workers!

The German Wehrmacht has liberated you from Stalin's terror and the Jewish-Bolshevik commissars. Wherever they could, the Bolsheviks have destroyed your factories as well as your food; they have burned your farms and your homes; they have taken the necessities of life away from you.

Germany can and wants to help you!

In Germany you will get work and bread. We promise you decent, just, and humane treatment if you work carefully and industriously and comport yourselves blamelessly.

Follow the directions below:

1. **Observe the customs and habits of the Germans.**
2. **Be understanding of the measures introduced by the German authorities and works managers. By doing so you will gain the trust of your superiors and make your stay in Germany easier for yourselves.**
3. **Be satisfied with what Germany offers you. Turn with confidence to your superiors with your wishes. They will help you as best they can.**
4. **Complete your work willingly; be punctual and reliable, then the German Reich will be at your side as a helper and will protect you. As you comport yourselves in Germany, so will we treat you.**
5. **If the German is not to despise you, you must be industrious.**
6. **Germany is a country of order, cleanliness, and industriousness. Therefore, adapt to the German order, keep yourselves clean, and see that you stay healthy.**
7. **Keep order among yourselves; avoid arguments and fights. Follow the orders of your camp leaders.**
8. **The German woman and the German girl stand under the strict protection of the alien laws. For you they are untouchable.**
9. **Never forget that there is war, and adapt your needs accordingly.**

Translation from original German-language document courtesy of:
Kenneth Kronenberg - German Translator/Writer/Editor
kkrone@tiac.net
http://www.tiac.net/users/kkrone

Return to Home Page | Who Were the 5 Million? | GUESTBOOK | Stories of Survival
E-Mail Us |

Merkblatt Nr. 1 für Ostarbeiter

Arbeiter! Arbeiterinnen!

Die Deutsche Wehrmacht hat Euch von dem Terror Stalins und dem der bolschewistischen jüdischen Kommissare befreit.

Die Bolschewisten haben, wo sie nur irgend konnten, Eure Fabriken zerstöt, sie haben die Lebensmittel vernichtet, Eure Höfe und Wohnungen verbrannt, sie haben Euch die Grundlagen Eures Lebens genommen.

Deutschland kann und will Euch helfen!
Befolgt daher nachstehende Mahnungen:

1. Achtet die Sitten und Gebräuche der Deutschen.
2. Bringt den Maßnahmen der deutschen Behörden und Betriebsführer jedes Verständnis entgegen. Damit erwerbt Ihr das Vertrauen Eurer Vorgesetzten und erleichtert Euch selbst den Aufenthalt in Deutschland.
3. Seid zufrieden mit dem, was Euch Deutschland bietet. Wendet Euch mit Euren Wünschen vertrauensvoll an Eure Vorgesetzten. Sie werden Euch nach bestem Können helfen.
4. Erfüllt Eure Arbeit willig, seid pünklich und zuverlässig, dan wird Euch das Deutsche Reich als Helfer zur Seite stehen und Euch betreuen. Wie Ihr Euch in Deutschland&@252;hrt, so wird man Euch behandeln.
5. Ihr müßt fleißig sein, wenn Euch der Deutsche nicht verachten soll.
6. Deuschland ist ein Land der Ordnung, der Sauberkeit und des Fleißes. Deshalb fügt Euch in die deutsche Ordnung, haltet Euch sauber und achtet auf Eure Gesundheit.
7. Haltet untereinander Ordnung, vermeidet Zank und Streit. Folgt den Anweisungen Eurer Lagerführer.
8. Die deutsche Frau, das deutsche Mädchen stehen unter dem Schutz der strengen deutschen Fremdengesetzgebung. Sie sind für Euch unantastbar.
9. Vergeßt nie, daß Krieg ist, richtet Euch danach.

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Merkblatt Nr. 1 für Ostarbeiter

Arbeiter! Arbeiterinnen!

Die Deutsche Wehrmacht hat Euch von dem Terror Stalins und dem der bolschewistischen jüdischen Kommissare befreit.

Die Bolschewisten haben, wo sie nur irgend konnten, Eure Fabriken zerstört, sie haben die Lebensmittel vernichtet, Eure Höfe und Wohnungen verbrannt, sie haben Euch die Grundlagen Eures Lebens genommen.

Deutschland kann und will Euch helfen!

In Deutschland bekommt Ihr Arbeit und Brot, wir sichern Euch eine anständige, gerechte und menschliche Behandlung zu, wenn Ihr sorgfältig und fleißig arbeitet und Euch einwandfrei führt.

Befolgt daher nachstehende Mahnungen:

1. Achtet die Sitten und Gebräuche der Deutschen.
2. Bringt den Maßnahmen der deutschen Behörden und Betriebsführer jedes Verständnis entgegen. Damit erwerbt Ihr das Vertrauen Eurer Vorgesetzten und erleichtert Euch selbst den Aufenthalt in Deutschland.
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4. Erfüllt Eure Arbeit willig, seid pünktlich und zuverlässig, dann wird Euch das Deutsche Reich als Helfer zur Seite stehen und Euch betreuen. Wie Ihr Euch in Deutschland führt, so wird man Euch behandeln.
5. Ihr müßt fleißig sein, wenn Euch der Deutsche nicht verachten soll.
6. Deutschland ist ein Land der Ordnung, der Sauberkeit und des Fleißes. Deshalb fügt Euch in die deutsche Ordnung, haltet Euch sauber und achtet auf Eure Gesundheit.
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8. Die deutsche Frau, das deutsche Mädchen stehen unter dem Schutz der strengen deutschen Fremdengesetzgebung. Sie sind für Euch unantastbar.
9. Vergeßt nie, daß Krieg ist, richtet Euch in Euren Ansprüchen danach.

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Paula Popow Oliver and Marianne Wahnschaff Ballester

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